THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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A Reply to "The Lady's Farewell."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I go, true heart, I go,
Fearless and undismayed;
Breathing again the saintly vows
That were upon me laid.
Upon my lip and brow
I feel thy kisses yet,
And on the cross the tear drops lie,
As though with jewels set.

I go, beloved, I go,
Thine image in my heart;
Thy woman's heart so wise and strong,
Hath made it light to part.
Not wind or flood or sea,
Can keep me back from thee;
And ever shall my watchword be,
True love and victory.

I go, dear heart, I go,
Trusting in "God's dear grace,"
Which in His own appointed time,
Shall bring us face to face.
I may with armor on,
Die as a true knight dies;
But thou and I, dear heart, shall meet
At last in Paradise.

CAROLINE A. BELL.

SURRENDER OF FORT MACON, NORTH CAROLINA.—LOWERING THE REBEL FLAG, APRIL 26th.

Fort Macon mounted 60 guns, and was provided with a ditch and glacis, and all the other resources of a formal fortification. It was seized by the State Government of North Carolina immediately on the fall of Fort Sumter, and has since been held and garrisoned by North Carolina troops. Commanding the harbor of Beaufort, and impregnable from the sea, it has furnished a cover for rebel operations in running the blockade, and in fitting out privateers to prey on our commerce. It was behind this fort that the Nashville found refuge, after eluding our squadron off the coast. Its capture, therefore, became a matter of importance, and the task was one of those confided to Gen. Burnside when he sailed from Fortress Monroe. How well he has effected it the result has shown.

The fort was too strong to be successfully assailed from the sea. Gen. Burnside, therefore, proceeded to get in its rear and attack it from the land. His descent on Newbern was made with this purpose, direct or indirect, and his brilliant victory at that point put Fort Macon substantially in his power. He lost no time in occupying Beaufort, thus completely isolating and blockading Fort Macon. This was effected about the 20th of March, when immediate measures were taken to reduce the fort—garrisoned by about 400 men, under Colonel White, formerly of the U. S. army, and supplied with six months' provisions.

In accordance with the orders of General Burnside, the elevation of the colors, after the surrender, was forbidden to be attended with any demonstration by the soldiers, though, as they expressed it themselves, they did want to "scream," and very loudly at that. But from across the water came three tremendous cheers. Beaufort had emptied itself upon its wharves, and when the troops and Unionists saw the Stars and Stripes at the top of the flag-staff, they vented their feelings in one grand uproar of joy. Our engraving is from one in the *Illustrated News.*

THE WOMAN I LOVED,

AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

By the Authoress of "Agnes Tremorne."

CHAPTER IX.

The next morning I (or rather Marian) received a letter from some very old friends of the Comptons, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, inviting us to spend Christmas with them. I knew I could not leave Speynings myself at this time, but Marian, after she had read the letter, passed it across to me, and said:

"There is no reason why we should refuse this, is there?"

"*I* cannot leave Speynings at Christmas."

"But I can, I suppose. They have invited Harry for his holidays, and I think the change will do us all good. Speynings seems very unhealthy just now."

"Just as you like," I said, wearily.

"But you—"

"I must join you later."

I knew little of these Talbots personally, but that they were very old friends of hers. Their house was one of the gayest in the neighboring county. A baronial mansion in which the old Christmas traditions were kept up in the most rigorous manner. Marian had not seen them for years, and it seemed for a moment strange that they should so suddenly have remembered her, but it was only a fleeting thought. I did not pause to consider the why or wherefore, but was glad of any break which would in a measure modify the situation in which we were.

It was about three weeks before Christmas, and the interval was occupied by Marian in making the most elaborate preparations for her visit.

Maynard informed me that Nora and Fanny also had been invited, but that they did not intend going till after the Christmas week. I felt glad to hear they would be there so soon after Marian, though I should have been puzzled to explain why I was glad.

During this time no allusion was made by either of us to any subject which had been the cause of discussion between us.

There was a melancholy stillness as in a house hushed by the presence of a corpse.

Nina flew about from room to room with most fabulous accounts of the glories of newly-arrived dresses; but to have judged from her mother's own manner, she was fulfilling an unpleasant but unavoidable duty.

I heard her tell Maynard that she was not at all the mood to pay a gay visit; but that the autumn had been so unhealthy, she was glad to remove Nina from Speynings, and not to bring Harry to it.

"One's children must be the first consideration always." I overheard her say this. It was a phrase I had heard before, and I smiled bitterly at the remembrance. They went. I put her into the carriage, carefully arranging her dress and cloaks, and went round to the other side to see that all was as it should be.

"Good-bye, Hubert."

Her eyes rested on mine for a moment. Her glance was steady and searching, and with something of triumph in it—something of farewell was mingled with it also. Certainly, if there had been contest between us, she looked the victor as she leant back, luxuriously folded up in her warm cloaks and furs, with her beautiful face slightly flushed, from some emotion I could not define, and her brilliant smile as she looked back at me where I stood—a pale, grave man, with the marks of disappointment and wasting sorrow on both face and figure.

I confess it was with a sense of defeat that I went into the house again. I had given her the power of marring my life, and what was I in hers? I could prevent her receiving the homage of a fool, but was she the more mine for that prevention? Warburton's good nature had saved him from actively opposing her, and he had received his reward in her apparent deference and docility to him. She was quite ready to deceive any one willing to be deceived, for I knew her nature was antagonistic to all rough and rude methods; but with me it was impossible to act so, and if in her heart she despised me the less, I am confident that no one had ever excited so much of genuine dislike in her, as I had, during these last months. I had found her out. I had resisted her, and I was not to be subdued. Such were the thoughts with which I sat in my home. But to say the truth, there was a sense of relief also. The tension caused by a desire of keeping up appearances was over. I could look as I felt—a thoroughly miserable and hopeless man.

I avoided the Rectory till the two ladies had departed; they were to precede Maynard by a few days, but after they left he and I were much together. He was singularly kind to me. On one subject (Marian) my lips were sealed, but on all others we talked openly. He probed me deeply, and ascertained, I think, that my nature was perverted, but not utterly bad. Education, over-indulgence, had done great harm, an evil love had done more; but cut down now to the very roots, as all was, a growth of better things might be expected.

CHAPTER X.

I had had a few lines from Marian announcing her safe arrival. Very cold and very brief was the note; I had answered it, and that was all.

One evening as I sat with Maynard, he received a letter from Nora. Devoted husband as he was, he made an apology, and opened it immediately.

His countenance changed a little as he read it, and I saw him suddenly put it down and look at me.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing—have you heard from Mrs. Spencer?"

"Not the last few days—I may have a letter this evening."

"Are you going to the Talbots'?"

"Not till I fetch Marian away—they are not friends of mine, you know."

"Nora is very anxious that I should go there to-morrow: there is to be a very crowded ball. Why don't you come with me?"

His voice was eager.

"Why should I go? Tell me, Maynard; what is it? There is something I should know."

"I never could manage anything in my life," said Maynard, bluntly: you had better read this."

He separated the first sheet—containing, I suppose, some wife-like greetings—from the others, and put the rest into my hands, while he went to give orders for his departure on the morrow.

These were the words of the letter:

I told you how surprised I was that the Talbots should have remembered us after so many years; but I discovered accidentally that Marian had written to them some weeks ago, and had so deplored the unhealthiness of the air of Speynings, and her dislike to bringing Harry into it from Harrow, that Mrs. Talbot considered herself bound to invite Harry, and then arranged to have the whole party. Mrs. Talbot considers Harry Villiers something in the light of an heir. She told me all this as we were walking one day. How like Marian! I suppose she felt moped at Speynings. No one, it is true, can have altered so much in health and spirits as Mr. Spencer these last few months. Marian never looked better, but complains of her chest, and talks of going to Italy for her health in the spring. So does Lord Lascelles, who has been staying here a long time. The Talbots are distant relations of his. He looks at Marian as if she were something divine, but she does not distinguish him in any way. Fanny says Mr. Spencer ought to be here (the "ought" was dashed). Marian is very kind to me, but I never can get on with her somehow. She treats Fanny in a most strange way, as if she were very sorrow for her, or as if she felt she had injured her. I do not understand it, nor does Fan, but it makes her savage. I am glad for her sake that when we return she must fulfill her old promise of spending six months with her uncle in Scotland. Marian seems trying to fasten some imputation on her. Nobody could every explain Marian's whims, and this is one I suppose; but I confess I wish Mr. Spencer were here, for there are many disagreeable things said of him, as if he neglected her, and was behaving very ill.

I smiled when I put down this letter. I *understood* Marian—not entirely as I found afterwards, but better than poor simple Nora. It was requisite that I should go for my own honor, not as regarded Lascelles, but as to my own character as a husband. I could also save Fanny from the imputation which I saw would be dexterously fastened on her of being Marian's rival.

"Do not mention me, Maynard," I said, "in your answer, but I will accompany you. How soon can we get there?"

"We shall catch the 5 P. M. train, and get there in time for the ball. I will telegraph that I am coming. But I cannot get away before that."

"That will do."

When I went home I found that no letters had arrived from Marian for me. I was very busy—I will not answer for presentiments—but I got through a quantity of letters, accounts, arrangements, as if I had had a notion that it would be long before I did the same again. It was three in the morning before I had finished.

Since Marian had left I slept in a little room next to the library, but this evening, from some cause I could not have explained, I had given orders I would sleep up-stairs. As I went up the broad flight which led to the rooms peculiarly appropriated to Marian, I stopped to look out at one of the windows. The whole earth was white with snow. It was falling with amazing thickness and rapidity. There are few things more ghastly of the kind than the noiseless fall of a heavy snow-storm, and I shivered as I dropped the curtain.

In passing through Marian's dressing-room and boudoir, I noticed, without being scarcely aware of it, how deserted and dismantled they seemed.

The bed-room also had a bare look, and I distinguished that some little miniatures and ornaments had been taken down.

I was strangely excited as I tried to sleep. "Some persons are particularly affected by the atmospheric influence of a night like this," I thought. My pulses throbbed, my temples beat, my lips were parched—something of the wonderful effect produced by the Indian hemp seemed to me to be produced by the snow-charged air; feverish visions assailed me—not dreams, for I was awake, and yet my will had as little control as in sleep; pitiable recollections, undescribable yearnings, voluptuous memories, a rush of bitter recollections, and then a sudden blank horror. When I rose there were drops of damp on my brow, as after an illness.

When I went down stairs the snow had ceased falling, and the sky was clear and bright as crystal. A hard frost, such as had not been remembered in the country for years, had frozen earth and water into one glittering white surface.

When I informed my old housekeeper that I was going to Talbot House for a few days, she requested me to make certain arrangements for some of the cottagers. Such an intensity of cold was what they were totally unprepared to meet. I am glad I did so.

In the morning I had a few lines from Maynard to say that he would try to start by an earlier train, for the roads between the station and Talbot House would be as slippery as glass, and we should be hours, and not minutes, doing the five miles. At last I had made all my arrangements, sent my luggage, and prepared to walk to meet the train. Just as I was going the postman brought the letters; he had been of course detained by the iron-bound roads. I slipped mine into my pocket. There were none that demanded immediate attention.

When I reached the railroad, Maynard's servant overtook me; he could not leave by that train. I was to tell Nora not to be anxious; if he were delayed he would telegraph, but he was in great hopes of arriving that night.

I was so busy wondering what excuse or explanation I should give of my sudden arrival, that the time passed quickly.

When I reached the end of my journey, there was a great difficulty to find a conveyance. By the offer of preposterous payment, I found a man willing to convey my luggage on a handbarrow, and there was nothing left for me but to walk.

I did so. I never shall forget the glory of that evening. The stars were as large and brilliant as in southern latitudes. The air was bright with the cold. "Like fireflies tangled in a silver braid," the branches of the trees looked glowing and luminous amid the frosty brilliants with which they were sheathed.

But in the utter absence of road our progress was slow. It was nearly eleven when we reached the Hall. Coming on foot in this manner, my arrival was entirely unnoticed. The quadrangle was one blaze of light. The ball had commenced. I would not disturb any one, but asked to be taken to the room which I knew was prepared for Maynard.—When there I determined to wait his arrival, and, drawing my chair by the fire, took out my letters to read by way of beguiling the time. After perusing two or three of little importance, I took up one which was addressed in a strange hand.

It was a communication from a lawyer.—Its purport was a demand of legal separation, separate maintenance, &c., &c., on the part of my wife.

A few lines from Marian herself were inclosed. They ran thus:

I choose this method of communication that you may know my resolve is not to be shaken.

I have acquired a knowledge of you these last few months which would render our living under the same roof impossible.

My English or my Venetian rival may console you.

My fixed determination is to go to Italy. I require a warmer climate for my health. It will be beneficial also to Nina. Harry will join us after he has left school.

I do not reproach or blame you. Be just to me. All my friends know that my health requires this change. It will be your own fault if, by any idle opposition, you draw down on us a scandalous publicity. I only ask you to forget me and leave me free. MARIAN.

I read this letter twice over. This, then, was her plan. Liberty, self-indulgence, luxury—without a hated husband. For me, I was to be left with my household gods showered around me, there where I had desecrated the altars for her.

I now know, or think I have reason to know, it was only a threat. She felt sure that, to avoid running the gauntlet of country gossip, I would be willing to conciliate her. She trusted that there was still sufficient softness in my heart towards her to make me dread a life-long parting. It was a bold stroke; but she had well calculated its chances. If successful in making me anxious to avoid a separation, she could make her own terms; and if it came to the worst, and I was obdurate, she gained freedom, and the sympathy which a beautiful woman driven from her home by the infidelity of her husband is sure to excite in all right-thinking persons.

I was calm; but for a moment everything swayed around me, and there was a surging sound in my ears as if I was at sea. I then rose, and taking a pencil, wrote a few lines on the back of the note.

I have read your letter since I arrived here. It is by a chance that it is so, but that chance may be life or death to both. Meet me in the conservatory directly, and after we have spoken face to face for five minutes; if you persist in your wish, we will part forever.

I called a servant and told him to find Mrs. Spencer, and give her that note as soon as he could.

I did not wish to be found here by Maynard; I therefore left the room, and found my way along a passage which I hoped might lead me by some back stairs to the conservatory. At the upper end was a door; I opened it. It led into a gallery, which ran round a saloon, or smaller hall, raised by a few stairs from the large entrance-hall. The dancing was there. I looked down for a moment. It was a whirl of festal dresses, lights, and garlands. The musicians were in a temporary erection almost opposite to me, but somewhat lower.

As I stood, it seemed to me that the whole gallery rocked to and fro, and that the draperies and flags which had been arranged above and beneath to mask the beams of the stand for the orchestra, shone as if fire had been behind them. There was a hot vapor which rose that was almost stifling, and a red glow through the air which even the blaze of lights could not account for or explain.

As I leaned down, my eyes were caught and riveted by one figure, which made me forget everything else. Marian was standing a little behind the dancers, listening to Lascelles, who was talking earnestly to her.

There is an air of Weber's which I never hear without its reminding me, in some strange and incongruous manner, of Marian as I now saw her. In all the great composer's music there is beneath the melody and beauty an undertone of something magical and wild which almost produces a disso-

nance; a dissonance not in the harmony itself, but in the effect produced. Marian's aspect as she thus stood, with diamonds glittering on her hair, breast, and arms, her dress, of some silver tissue, floating like a pale flame around her, and the inexplicable expression of her face—half triumph, half melancholy—had the same mysterious and fatal sweetness.

I turned away, and tried to shut out the vision from brain and heart. I crossed the hall, and at last entered a conservatory gorgeous with tropical bloom, and radiant with colored lamps, but as I had expected when I asked Marian to join me there, entirely deserted and untenanted. I stood there for a while, concealed by a huge stand of broad-leaved plants. I sought a moment for reflection, but my senses seemed spell-bound. Neither grief nor rage, but a sullen and stupid indifference was gaining possession of me.—There was also a coward and abject feeling, which galled me, even at the moment I could not deny to myself that I felt it. Did I yet cling to Marian's presence? Did the idea that I should see her never more, never more as in the old time beside me, sting deeper than all the foregone alienation and severance? Did I yet prize the goblet, though the wine was all spilt?

As I thus stood two ladies passed me.

"How late your husband is," said one.

"Yes; but he will come I know if he can. You must remember the roads are in a dreadful state."

"Yes, one sheet of ice is round the house; there is not a drop of water for miles; every pond, every stream is frozen. I pity any one travelling such a night, Nora."

"I hope Mr. Spencer will come with him."

Her companion sighed deeply, but did not reply.

"Shall we go back, Fanny?"

"Wait a minute—the ball-room is suffocating."

"Yes; I do not think it a good plan to have blocked up the doors at one end."

"They could not put the stand for the band anywhere else; and it looks very well as you enter, all blazing with light as it is—the music seems to come out of the light."

"Yes, but there is something peculiar stifling in the air."

"Let us go into your room for a few minutes, Nora. I feel so nervous and foolish tonight, as if something were going to happen. I wish your husband would come."

"Come along, then—we will be quiet for a few minutes."

They passed on.

CHAPTER XI.

How long I remained in the semi-stupor into which I had fallen I cannot say. Through the chaos into which my thoughts and feeling were rapidly merging I could hear the music of the ball swelling and falling in the distance. There was something hideous to me in the sounds. A measureless disgust at life, at its hollow cheats, its sickening illusions, was sweeping over me wave upon wave, and to hear from out of these depths into which I was sinking these sounds of festival seemed a refinement of torture. Those joyous cadences ringing through the air with a fall of light playful notes, or rising with sudden breaks into a gush of more spirited and resolute measures mocked the wretch whose life would be musicless evermore. Would Marian come? But why was I so unmanned? Nay, it was no use deceiving myself. What other end could there be to our union? But we all invariably shut our eyes to the inevitable law of consequences, and hope for exceptional miracles to save us from the effects of our own actions. I knew Marian. Alas! of what avail was the knowledge? Could it shield me now? A few years ago, after having borne one hundredth part of the pain I had lately gone through, I should have welcomed escape, freedom, absence; but I was a soberer, sadder person now. True, her falsehood, her heartlessness, her deceit, had worn my life as a sword wears out a scabbard, but the scabbard has been shaped to the sword—withdraw the weapon, and the sheath remains empty, defaced, useless.

I started as if I had been stung as I thought thus, and leaned my head against one of the columns of the conservatory.

How it seemed to vibrate with the voluptuous thrill of the music and the dance so near me! I listened with a straining eagerness, and wondered how long it would last. Hours and hours seemed to have elapsed while I thus stood listening here, the night and I, sole audience of all these festal melodies, when suddenly there was a sharp pause as if all the instruments had shot off into a shock of silence, and all the steps had been transfixed into sudden motionlessness, and then from the topmost height of stillness the night and I were plunged into the wildest chaos of shrieks, screams and tumult. Cry upon cry resounded through the whole house and pealed through conservatory and through hall and through basement, and in a moment every place was filled with persons rushing, scrambling, flying from some pursuing horror. Women fainting, sobbing, shrieking, men supporting them, crowding round them, blocking up the passages, filling up the doors, all blindly seeking flight, and each in his frantic effort to force his way becoming an obstacle to himself and others. It was a fearful scene of desperate fear and maddened selfishness; but I had caught, higher than the loudest shriek, the word "Fire!" and my name called in a frenzy of appeal by Marian.

I had paused a second, and then, darting through a side passage, had crossed the whole length of the house, and battled my way through the descending fugitives up the few steps which led to the ball-room.

Oh, God! shall I ever forget what I saw? The room was almost deserted, yet a roaring sound filled it, and through the volumes of black smoke pouring out towards where I stood, I could discern that at the opposite end, there was a wall of flame mounting higher and higher, till the long lurid forked tongues licked the roof over the gallery in which had sat the musicians. The whole of the draperies and beams had fallen into ashes, and in front of all, with her light robes blown out behind her in one red halo of fire, her face convulsed with fear, her mouth black and distorted, wildly swaying to and fro as if for shelter, stood Marian—alone! She did not see me, for her eyes were closed, but she heard a step, and with one cry and bound forwards, coming up her arms, round which the fire, like the coiled rings of a serpent, was burning closer and closer, she rushed into my arms.

"Save me! save me!" she said.

I held her, I pressed her, I clasped her, till my own hair and face and breast were scorched and burning in the same flames, and aried by the very closeness of the embrace to overcome the dread power which held her. I struggled with it as with a beast of prey. I drew her nearer and nearer to a door from which hung a woollen curtain, which I would have folded round her, but, after the first moment of passive endurance, she struggled so violently that it was almost impossible to hold her, and my own senses were failing me from the smoke, the flame, and that loud deafening voice of the fire. The last thing I remember was some heavy cloak being thrown (by some person who perilled life in entering the blazing ring of fire which encircled us) round us, or rather over us, for I had at last tottered and fallen, still clutching Marian, but with a horrible sense that what I held, or dress or flesh, was pulverising in my grasp. I remember nothing more!

It must have been four or five days afterwards when I regained clear consciousness. I was in a burning fever, and this gave me a sudden and delirious and fictitious strength. I was in bed. It must have been late at night, or rather early in the morning, for there was that indescribable chill in the air which is the harbinger of dawn, and which penetrates with a mysterious and piercing power even in a closed room.

I saw that there was a mattress in the furthest part of the room on the floor, and that my servant was asleep on it.

I tried to raise my hands, but they were stiff from pain, and swathed in some soft wool which made them powerless.

I did not at once remember where I was. I fancied it was the continuation of my long illness after my return from the Continent years ago. I expected to see my mother enter. I thought of the Grange, of the Warburtons.

The door opened and a man entered. He did not come up to the bed, and I could not see his face. He roused the servant, and they talked together.

I waited.

Then I heard from below the tramp of horses, as of carriages being drawn before the house very slowly. "For fear of disturbing me," I thought, and closed my eyes.

When I opened them Maynard stood beside the bed.

There was a night-light near the bed, and I saw he was dressed as for a journey. He looked very pale.

"You are better, Spencer," he said, for he saw there was recognition in my eyes. I remembered now.

"Better, yes. Where is Marian?"

His voice was very low and sad as he answered.

"You did all that you could—she did not suffer after—— It was a frightful accident—many have been sadly hurt—no one can account for it, except that in lighting up the room some spark must have fallen on the artificial wood-work which supported the musician's gallery. It must have been going on for hours before it was discovered, and then it had spread far and wide, the difficulty of obtaining water, the panic, the draughts produced by the sudden rush outwards and opening of every door and window, by which escape could be sought, increased the danger.

"And Marian?"

"No one can explain it clearly; but it seems she had only that minute left the dancing. A servant, so says Lascelles, had given her a note, and she crossed over from the dancers and took it to read and to answer, under the musician's gallery where the greatest light was; some portion of the crumbling drapery must have fallen on her dress, for she was in flames in a moment;—too frightened to move at first, and then too far from the door to reach it. She never spoke again, but was insensible to the last. The physicians say the fright must have produced a congestion of the brain; she did not suffer; had it not been for this congestion, you would have saved her."

How kindly Maynard tried to convey comfort.

"It was a dreadful fatality her receiving that note," he continued.

I groaned.

"I arrived in the very midst of the confusion. I have done all that I thought you would wish. I am going now."

"Going!"

"To Speynings. Nora will do her best for you, though her hands are quite full. Poor Fanny injured herself very much in trying to save you both. It was too late for Marian, but I think but for her you must have perished, too."

I turned away my head; I could not control the poor womanish tears; from what untold depths of bitterness did they not flow!

Maynard left the room, and he beckoned to the servant to follow him to receive some more orders.

I waited. I felt that the fever was mounting to my brain, but I was cunning and guarded as madness always is.

I rose, upheld by a strange strength, and got out of bed, and supporting myself as best I might, tottered to the window. I opened the curtains—the shutters were closed but not fastened—with great difficulty, owing to my bandaged hands, I opened them and looked out. Had I not been in this strange, half-somnambulic state, I could not have done it.

I looked out—it was not quite dark; the early dawn of a winter morning was gray in the sky. As far as could be seen, one carpet of spotless white covered the earth, but beside the house some dark vehicles were drawn; and there the pawing and stamping of the horses had blackened and broken up the snow. There were torches flaring about, held by men in funereal garments.

I was so stupefied that I did not immediately understand what it was; when suddenly, as the ghastly procession ranged itself in order, I saw that it was a funeral. There was the hearse, and then, as if rung on my brain with agonizing distinctness, I heard the bells of the neighboring church toll—toll slowly, and then the whole array defile before the house, and it took the direction, not of the church, but of the neighboring station.

It then all flashed upon me: Maynard was going to Speynings; that hearse which I saw was bound there, too; that bell which was clanging in my brain with such fearful and tragic pathos, told me with its iron tongue what it was I looked upon. This was the last that I should ever see—the last I should ever hear of—Marian. I felt as if that sound had cloven me to the earth.

CHAPTER XII.

A long period ensued of darkness and delirium. I remember by snatches certain changes, but the mass of days which passed were lost to me. I have only one distinct recollection of that time. Over and over again that spectral-looking funeral procession over the sullied snow, the flare of the torches, and the tolling of the bell were repeated, till I wonder life did not perish in the suffering. I witnessed it as one might witness a scene in a play, but I could not escape from it. As soon as the end came, it was repeated all over again, till I became insensible; but with the miserable return of consciousness returned this nightmare of pain and horror with more and more verisimilitude, and it was rendered yet more vivid by the utter oblivion in which I remained of everything else.

I had a faint notion that I had been moved, that I had been borne through the air; but it was at intervals only, and this notion was unconnected with any feeling of leaving one place or arriving at another, and was only bewildering and unintelligible.

At last, after a longer period of utter darkness than any that had preceded it, I clearly felt that life, sentient life, was no longer swaying backwards and forwards on a trembling balance, but was settling and righting itself. I was utterly powerless to move hand and foot, but I opened my eyes, and by the uncertain light of a flickering fire I could distinguish that I was in the small room next to the library at Speynings. For the first time for months no phantoms clouded my vision, and my hearing, which seemed endowed with double its usual acuteness, was no longer oppressed with any unreal sound.

I heard the irregular drop of the coal-ashes from the fire, and the crackling of the wood, and the faint breathing of some one—a woman—seated beside the curtain at the foot of the bed. There was another person also in the room seated on some low seat before the fire, for I could see the shadow of her figure on the ground as the light from the fire rose and fell.

The silence was unbroken. I could make no sign or sound, and the two persons who watched might have been statues from their motionlessness. The room was quite dark, but whether it was morning or evening I knew not. At last I heard the door open, and a footstep, so gentle that no ear save one so preternaturally acute as mine could have detected it, slowly and cautiously advanced into the room.

The lady approached the person in the chair, who rose as she touched her lightly on the shoulder. I recognized her then; she was the woman who had been my mother's maid, whose husband's vote I had tried to secure at the time of the election. She had nursed my mother in her last illness, and they had sent for her for me.

"Has he moved, nurse?"

"No, ma'am."

"It is six o'clock; you had better go and take your two hours' rest. There is some tea in your room. The doctor will be here at eight."

"Yes, ma'am."

The woman who answered went away, and the lady having bent over me, and listened attentively, took her place.

I recognized, by the height and the figure, Nora Maynard.

As she turned round to the fire she was first aware that there was some one before it. She started, but, controlling herself, in a very hushed whisper asked—

"Is it you, Fanny?"

"Yes."

"My poor Fanny! what are you doing there? Have you not been in bed all night?"

"No."

"How wrong! and you are only just out of bed yourself—you will be ill again."

There was no answer, and again a dead silence. Presently Fanny rose and approached the bed. She knelt beside it, and stooped low over it; but from the position in which my head was placed she could not see my face.

"How long, Nora, did the doctor say the stupor would last?"

Nora hesitated.

"If he did not regain his consciousness he would die, he said, did he not?"

"Let us hope—" said Nora, very faintly.

Fanny turned, and kneeling on the ground, as she was, but her head down on Nora's knee, and I could see that her whole frame trembled with the violence of her emotion.

"You must not, Fanny, must not," said poor Nora, bending over her.

"I must."

"Oh, Fanny, I do not understand you; it is very sad, very dreadful, poor man, but—"

"Nora," said Fanny, raising her small head with that singular dignity of bearing which was so peculiarly her own, "I have loved him all my life; hush, he will never know it, he is dying."

"Loved him!"

"Yes; when I was a child I was taught, persuaded, encouraged to love him by his mother. When I was a girl it was the same, she hoped and led me to hope he loved me; he was so good, so loveable then; we were so happy; those impressions, Nora, are ineffaceable; then came your sister, and all was changed. I kept away—saw little of him—but it was too late to undo what had grown with my growth, and mixed indelibly with every feeling of my heart. I could subdue the expression of it, and he never even guessed it, but his mother understood me, and when she died in my arms she prayed me by that love, although I had then overcome it, to forgive his wrongs to her, and to be his friend still."

"I always thought you hated him."

"One day, inspired by some regret for the past, he began speaking to me with something of the old affection; but as I knew that he was unchanged towards Marian, though she was then not free, my anger and scorn knew no bounds."

"And then?"

"We became entirely estranged, and I thought my heart was completely hardened against him; but when I saw, some time after his marriage, how he needed friends, when I could trace some of the old kindness of heart in many of his acts at Speynings, my heart shook off that foolish resentment, and I remembered my promise to his mother, and I resolved to be again his friend."

"My poor Fanny!"

"You may well pity me;" and the tears choked her voice as she drooped her head lower and lower to Nora's very feet. "It was very hard to see him suffer, to read it in his altered face, and to know it was irrevocable. Nora, had it been possible I could have knelt at Marian's feet to beseech her to love him, but that she never did. Her strange conduct to me at Talbot House, half pity and half scorn, finally opened my eyes; she had read my secret, though no one else had, and I determined to leave Speynings for ever."

"But, Fanny, you knew all his faults?"

"Yes."

"I have heard you say he was often very selfish?"

"Yes."

"Weak—fickle?"

"Yes."

Nora kissed the hands which were clasped over the head.

"Nora," said Fanny, in almost a solemn voice, "is it not the essential attribute of love that it has insight? I saw evil, but I knew there was good which could overcome it: it had been there once. God knows I did no wrong to Marian even in my most secret thought, or in my most inmost heart, or I could not speak so now; you know I tried to save her life at the peril of my own for his sake. I did not know Hubert was there when I rushed to her in spite of all."

"You did—you did, though Maynard held you back."

"Think if there could be wrong to her in my love when I can thus speak of it to her sister, and when he is dying."

And again tears choked her voice.

And this love had been beside me all my life, and I was as ignorant of it as a blind man is of a star. Oh, fool! oh, idiot!—and I dared to call that feeling love which custom, satiety, faults in another had so changed from love to indifference. Well may the great poetess say:

> Those *never* loved
> Who dream they loved *once*.

Here was love, and mine for Marian had been but a base and specious counterfeit.

Had I already passed the portals of the grave and listened to the speech of angels!—If so, it could not have been with a more complete sense of renunciation and divorce from self.

It seemed to me that I was shown, as by an inexorable judge, the great gift which had been bestowed on me, and of which I had taken no account. What might have been!—what never could be!—I was dying! It was well to die, having foregone such happiness, and inflicted and endured such misery.

Suddenly, Fanny, who had been quite still and passive for a few minutes, raised her head.

"Don't cry about me, Nora; I feel your warm tears over my hand. But, darling—my own dear Nora, you will understand why I came here for the last night."

"*Must* you leave us to-day?"

"Yes, my aunt wants me more than you do, and, besides, I can take that poor little Nina out of your way."

"What shall I do without you for so many months?"

"It was settled so long ago. I cannot alter it now,—I have no right to do so; but, Nora, you will let me know *whatever* happens, directly,—do not delay."

Again there was a pause, and then they heard, as well as I did, the distant sound of a carriage.

Fanny rose to her feet:

"I must be gone before Dr. Conway comes in."

She stooped over the bed, and those soft, pure lips breathed a prayer over me which was like a blessing. She paused one minute, and her tears fell warm on my forehead; and then she left the room. The doctor came in.

Reader, I did not die.

There is a strange reparative power in all of us, born of the soul, but which influences the body. That spring of vitality had been touched in me. I recovered to the surprise of all: I was for months a sufferer—it is possible that all my life I shall be an invalid, but I have regained sufficient health to be able to work at the work which was given me to do in this world. I think that ere long I proved to the loving soul, which had so gently scanned my soul, that the true inscription was there, though so much dross and corruption had covered it.

Many months passed before Fanny and I met again. The innocent gladness with which she congratulated me on my recovery pierced me to the heart. If amid what Palmore calls "the glooms of hell," some wretch should look up to a smiling angel above him, would he not have a deeper sense of his own loss and ruin? The confession I had overheard had separated me from her, as from something enshrined and sainted. My reverence for that pure loving nature removed it from me.

Death had won for me that holy chrism (the utterance of her love), but life discrowned me. I felt that a heart all scarred over with one fatal passion was not a heart that could be offered to her. I was like one who has knelt to Baal, and poured out all his wine and oil on unholy altars, when the true deity manifests itself. Where, amid those ruins and that waste, can a fitting temple be erected?

But I was wrong in this as in all, and slowly I learned it.

If the voice of love calls to us—though we are buried in sin and misery, sepulchred in corruption, with the defeature of death on our brows and the grave-clothes on our limbs—we must come forth and obey it.

One evening, about eighteen months after Fanny's return to the Maynards, I called at a lodge in which lived that old servant of my mother's who had nursed me in my last severe illness. She was a widow now and had removed here near her old home. She was dying, poor woman, of consumption. When I entered the parlor the little servant who waited on her told me Miss Fanny was with her, and asked me to wait. I consented. The parlor opened out of the bed-room, and I could hear Fanny's gentle voice reading to her. I heard the words distinctly, and they lost none of their soothing and healing power on me when uttered by that voice. When Fanny had finished she asked the poor creature if she could do anything for her, or bring anything the next day.

"No, ma'am. I have everything I can want; the squire lets me want for nothing. He is very good—his mother's own son, after all."

I did not hear Fanny's reply.

"I do wish he looked happier like."

"He has suffered a good deal."

"Yes, ma'am; but there's no reason he shouldn't get over it. He did his duty to her, if any man did."

Fanny was again inaudible.

"But you would make him happier, Miss. Please, don't be angry with me—it's flying in the face of Providence not to see it;—and how glad Madam Spencer would have been!"

"Hush!" I heard Fanny say; "you must not speak so, Susan. It would vex me but that I'm going away."

"Lor, Miss, don't say so. When?"

"Not yet, Susan; but you know I go always at this time for my six months' visit to Scotland."

I would not overhear more, but gently slipped out and resolved to return the next day.

I turned into the avenue and paced it up and down.

At last Fanny came out, and I met her at the gate as she turned in the direction of the rectory.

"Poor Susan is sinking fast," she said to me.

"Yes, it must soon be over. She is a faithful, good creature."

"Yes, she is such a link with the past that to me it will be really a great loss.—There is so little left now of the old time at Speynings—"

These words seemed to drop from her unconsciously.

"Worse than nothing," I replied, "for that which is left there is no unworthy of that time—"

She interrupted me quickly.

"Do not speak so. I was foolish."

"Just—only just."

"No, not just. You have done all you could. If the dead could speak with my lips, they would say you had done well, Hubert."

And for the first time, in her emotion, for long years, she called me by that name.

"Fanny," I said, "have you forgiven me, then,—have you felt that if repentance, devotion, reverence, could merit forgiveness, I was not unworthy—"

"*I* have nothing to forgive; no one has been more sorry for you in your grief; no one has so truly wished to see you happy once more."

"Happiness is a word that has no meaning in it for me; for years I sought it, regardless of everything but my own selfish interpretation of it, and it has left a bitter and deadly taste in me. I need pardon, compassion, love;—will you forgive, will you pity, will you love?"

She started and turned pale.

"Speak, Fanny: I can bear rejection; I have nerved myself to do so, for I know my unworthiness; but I wish you to know, come what may, that my whole heart is yours. Will you accept it?"

Her hand fell in mine as she murmured—"Yes."

"Will you take my life to unite to yours—yours so good, pure, true; mine so full of soils and stains?"

"Yes."

"Let me kneel to thank God—to thank you for this goodness, and to swear to you you shall not repent it."

"It is not goodness, Hubert, for I have always loved you."

How can I convey in words the expression of her face, the tone of her voice, when she said this? But I was lifted by them into a region high above all past sorrows and errors:

> Love, like death, unlocks the portal
> Through which souls redeemed go,
> And the mortal to immortal
> Passes with transfigured brow.

And I can say in concluding this chronicle of my early life, that the glow of heart which was excited by Fanny's words never faded. If in my life I have avoided evil or inclined to good, those words were my shield and my talisman. I had loved with the lower part of my nature, and that love had swathed, bound, and covered me from truth and heaven. I was now loved, and I loved with a sacred and purifying love, and my soul was revealed and made free. The sacred and profane love of Titian was to me a fact, and not an allegory.

THE END.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

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FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

Singularly enough, right in the midst of the great Union successes—including the capture of Norfolk and New Orleans—come new and apparently well-founded rumors of foreign interference.

It is said that Louis Napoleon is pressing the British Ministry with solicitations to join him in a "moral" intervention.

The unexplained visit of the French Ambassador to Richmond, and the recent letter of the commander of the French vessel of war at New Orleans to Commodore Farragut, saying that the United States Government would be held responsible for all injury to the property of French citizens in case of a bombardment of the city, unless "sixty days notice" was given, are rather suspicious indications that Louis Napoleon is not so faithful as we might wish him to the old traditions of France relative to the American Union.

The action of the French Emperor in Mexico—including what seems to be at this distance a shameless breach of faith—also is calculated to create doubt of the wisdom of his American policy.

We see it stated that the distinguished writer, "M. Michel Chevalier, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, attempts to explain and justify the French intervention in Mexico. Its object, he says, is to rear to the south of the United States a strongly organized power, which may prevent the unlimited aggrandizement of an aggressive race. The means to this end he finds in the creation of a monarchy. No dictation is to be used, but once the French are encamped in the capital, Mexico will accept a sovereign who ought, he considers, to be a descendant of Charles the Fifth. This monarch, once elected, must be maintained, and as England will not assist, and Germans are out of the question, the Mexican guard must for some years be composed of French. The article is of importance, for M. Chevalier is a favorite at the Tuileries, and expresses, there is little reason to doubt, the Emperor's own ideas."

Of course the above bears equally against the rebels as ourselves, both being classed as "an aggressive race." Intervention itself, however, even though on the face of it favorable to the rebels, would be in truth designed to obtain the mastery of both parties—on the old Roman maxim, "Divide and conquer."

It is stated that the emancipation of the slaves by the Confederate states is also a part of the French programme, in order to reconcile said interference to the public opinion of Europe.

But, whatever France may design, we think that England, in the present aspect of affairs, will not dream of uniting with her.

The opening of three of the cotton ports—including the great port of New Orleans—can hardly fail to have an immense influence in England.

So far as the restoration of trade is concerned, both England and France would gain nothing, while they would lose that of the Northern and Middle states, as well as of the cotton districts. A little while now, in all probability, and they will have both Southern cotton and Northern orders for merchandize. While any intervention in favor of the rebels, would dash to the ground all immediate prospect of either.

It would save money for England and France to support their hungry operatives for a time, rather than incur the cost and disgrace of a selfish and unholy war with the American Union.

We cannot believe that there is any serious danger of an Intervention. Still, as it is possible, so long as the rebellion lasts, we trust that the recruiting offices will be reopened, and the recent losses of our armies from battle and disease be fully repaired. Let the building of ironsides also go on at the most rapid rate. And let the rebellion be "pushed to the wall" by an army of force that shall speedily make it utterly hopeless, and deprive our enemies abroad of even the slightest pretext for interfering.

MANASSAS.

Mr. Pierce Butler, a subscriber of THE POST at Manassas, Va., writes to us when re-ordering his paper:—

"Can you send me the back numbers for last year, or, what I would more prefer, begin now and send the paper for this year in-

stead? My address last year was Centreville, Fairfax county, Va. Now it is Manassas Junction, Va. The battle of the 18th of July was on my farm, and as I cannot farm it, I will entertain visitors to this place. I live on Bull Run, between Manassas and Centreville; come and see the classic ground, and call on us.

Of course we should like very much to accept Mr. Butler's invitation—and would recommend any readers of THE POST who may visit Manassas to Mr. Butler's hospitable care.

Relative to the back numbers of THE POST, owing to our southern subscribers in places where the mails are being restored, it is our intention to supply them out of the current numbers of the paper, and not out of the old ones,—this being most convenient to us, and doubtless agreeable to them.

THE ENGLISH EXHIBITION.

The new English International Exhibition was opened with imposing ceremonies on the first of May. It promises to be a success.—The French and Russian contributions are highly spoken of. The American are very few—though Mr. W. W. Story, of Boston, son of Judge Story, contributes, it is admitted, the best specimens of statuary in the Exhibition.

Mr. Tennyson's new cantata, for which Prof. Bennett composed the music, was sung at the opening. We give it in full as follows:

Uplift a thousand voices full and sweet,
In this wide hall with earth's inventions stored,
And praise th' invisible universal Lord,
Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,
Where Science, Art and Labor have outpoured
Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

Oh, silent father of our kings to be,
Mourned in this golden hour of our jubilee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

The world-compelling plan was thine,
And lo! the long, laborious miles
Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,
Rich in model and design;
Harvest tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel and engin'ry,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
Fabric rough, or Fairy fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feast
Of wonder, out of West and East,
And shapes and hues of Part divine!
All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce,
Brought from under every star,
Blown from over every main,
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,
The works of peace with works of war.

Oh, ye! the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-winged peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours,
Till each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of peace and crowned with all her flowers.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

This year's exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts is the most brilliant that we have had for years. The number of new pictures is more than usually great, as there are comparatively few old acquaintances from private collections; while this year, for the first time, the North Gallery, popularly known as the Chamber of Horrors, is transformed almost beyond recognition by the erection of temporary walls, reaching about two-thirds of the way to the ceiling, and hung with fresh, bright, modern pictures, over the tops of which Death on the Pale Horse, the Dead Man restored, and the other respectable old aborigines of the Academy, peep furtively, like dim ghosts waiting on the other side of the river Styx.

Among all this array of new paintings there are, as usual, some of eminent excellence; a much larger number just missing the genuine touch of truth and nature, lacking which they drop into the hopeless gulf of mediocrity; while a few—but few, this year—are fearfully and wonderfully framed, in order, it would appear, to show fully what a picture should not be. These last, with the amiability which our readers acknowledge as the distinguishing characteristic of THE POST, we forbear to particularize.

One of the pictures which most command the attention of those entering the South-East Gallery is a full-length portrait of Edwin Booth as Iago, by Thomas Hicks of New York; a picture equally admirable for its artistic merits, its faithfulness as a likeness, and the commentary its expression forms upon the character represented.

Weber, Hamilton, the Moran and Van Starkenborg brothers, and W. T. Richards, are well and fully represented. The last named who, not long ago, was generally called "a young artist of promise," is changing promise into performance. Faithful and conscientious adherence to the very letter of Nature's word marks his works, and promises much for his future. His little "Scene from Nature" in the Rotunda is worth studying as a specimen of this faithfulness. The trees, especially the tulip poplar to the left, are true in every line and tint, yet with no obtrusive literalness.

Paul Weber gives us several scenes from Scotland and Wales, with all the harmony, the fullness, and the atmospheric depths which characterize his paintings beyond most others. Gaze on the purple depths of his "Loch Katrine," or the rushing water of the shade-embowered "Mouth of the Conway, North Wales," and the perfect and pre-eminent candor which sees and perpetuates such beauty grows into your heart; the candor of a mind which,

"Having walked with Nature,
Has offered, far as frailty would allow,
His heart a daily sacrifice to Truth."

If Weber may stand for the Wordsworth of his art, Hamilton is its Byron. He shows us a nature powerful, beautiful, terrible; but it is nature in sympathy with man, marked by his passions, his sins, his sufferings. There is a change in Hamilton's style of late. It is quieter than formerly, marked with more grace and mastery of his subject, but the same wail of pain goes up from it still. "Dear Egypt 'mid beleaguering sands" is a very striking picture; and still more is that painted poem, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" Here the setting sun hangs lurid and threatening on the horizon, and his rays strike a fiery pathway across the long surge of the

"Hollow ocean ridges roaring down to cataracts,"

as they rush on to break on the white beach, and tear at the half submerged wreck to bear it back again into the hungry, fearful ocean.

Schussele has a very striking scene of "Zeisberger preaching to the Delaware Indians." The dark faces lit up by fire-light and moonlight, are wonderfully natural and Indian like in their various expressions, while the fine figure of the preacher stands with upraised hands and earnest pleading face, pouring the "glad tidings of great joy" into their ears and hearts. E. Moran's "Valley in the Sea," in the same apartment (the North-East Gallery,) is a remarkable piece of coloring, and the opacity of the water light above is finely given, but the foreground lacks any feeling of the water medium through which we are supposed to view it. Near by is a delightful little picture, "A Sunny Day in the Forest," by A. Wust. It is beautiful enough to carry those "in sotsome city pent" into the heart of its forest delights.

We regret to see so few crayon drawings in the Rotunda this year. They usually form an attractive part of the exhibition. Some pen and ink drawings, by T. C. Farrer, are very clever, and very much in the style of Millais. There are some exquisite little paintings of mossy nests with speckled treasures within, nestled in English flowers which are household words of poetry; each little idyl made tragic by the pretty mother-bird lying dead beside it. They are by Cruikshanks, the well known English artist.

But we are extending our remarks to a catalogue, and must put a period to them without having mentioned a tithe of the pictures which attract and interest the visitors to this Thirty-Ninth Annual Exhibition of the Academy.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS, and Across the Rocky Mountains to California. By RICHARD F. BURTON, author of "The Lake Regions of Central Africa," &c. With Illustrations.—Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

MARGARET HOWTH. A Story of To-Day. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART. New Edition—8 Volumes. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE INDIAN SCOUT. By GUSTAVE AIMARD. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE OLD JUDGE; or, Life in a Colony. By JUDGE HALIBURTON. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

AGNES OF SORRENTO. By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

JOURNAL OF ALFRED ELY: A Prisoner of War in Richmond. Edited by CHARLES LANMAN. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Willis P. Hazard, Phila.

BEAUTIES, SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS DE QUINCY, author of "Confessions of an English Opium Eater." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

THE REJECTED STONE; or, Insurrection versus Resurrection in America. By a Native of Virginia. Second edition. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

PRISON LIFE IN THE TOBACCO WAREHOUSE AT RICHMOND. By a Bull's Bluff Prisoner, Lieut. W. C. HARRIS, of Col. Baker's California Regiment. Published by Geo. W. Childs, Philada.

☞ Some ten years since, an old Dutchman purchased, in the vicinity of Brooklyn, a snug little farm for $9,000. Last week a lot of land speculators called on him to "buy out." On asking his price, he said he would take "$60,000—no less." "And how much to remain on bond and mortgage?" "Nine tousand." "And why not more?" asked the would-be purchasers. "Because der tam place ain't worth any more."

☞ A liberal English statesman, writing to a correspondent in Boston, remarks:—"I have a strong belief that when your present troubles are over, you will have more friends in England than ever before. This excitement and discussion and increased information will have done much good, and I think the future of the two nations may be more really friendly than the past has been."

☞ I never (says Quilp) bear any malice towards the man who, without malice, says an evil thing of me with no intention that I shall hear of it. I do the same thing to others—perhaps to him. In fact, with few exceptions, everybody talks about everybody whom he thinks worth mentioning. And what of it? Nothing—unless some tale-bearer chooses to make mischief. Accordingly, in such a case my quarrel is with the man who brings me the news. I set him down at once for my enemy, or the weakest and most troublesome of friends, whom I am to cross out of my books as soon as possible.

☞ The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser estimates the entire strength of the Federal force in Virginia at 300,000—two-thirds of which are with Gen. McClellan. (Doubtful.)

The Naval Battle at New Orleans—Brilliant Action of the Varuna.

The New York Post prints a private letter from Capt. Bogge, addressed to his family in New Jersey, in which a graphic description is given of the gallant part which the gunboat Varuna bore in the terrible contest on the Mississippi. We quote:

"Yesterday our great battle was fought. The squadron passed the forts under as severe fire as any fleet probably ever endured. The ships were much cut up, and there were many killed and wounded.

"I can only give you a hasty narrative of what occurred on board the Varuna, as in that you will take a special interest.

"We started at 2 o'clock, A. M., and received the first fire at 3.30, just as the moon was rising. My vessel was terribly bruised, but we returned the fire with interest. On passing the forts I found myself the leading ship, and surrounded by a squadron of rebel steamers, who annoyed me much by their fire; so that I steered as close to them as possible, giving to each a broadside in succession as I passed; driving one on shore, and leaving four others in flames.

"During this time the firing of guns, whistling of shot and bursting of shells, was terrible; the smoke dense. As this cleared off, finding more steamers ahead, I stopped to look for the rest of the squadron. The ship was leaking badly; but thus far none were hurt. Astern I saw the Oneida engaged with a rebel steamer. The latter shortly after came up the river, when I engaged him, but found my shot of no avail, as he was iron-clad about the bow. He tried to run me down; and I to avoid him and reach his vulnerable parts. During these movements he raked me, killing three and wounding seven, and attempted to board; but we repulsed him. Driving against me, he battered me severely; but in these efforts exposed his vulnerable side, and I succeeded in planting a couple of broadsides into him, that crippled his engine and set him on fire. He then dropped off, and as he moved slowly up the river and passed me I gave him another and parting broadside.

"I now found my ship on fire from his shells, and it was with great difficulty that it was put out. Just then another iron-clad steamer bore down and struck heavily on my port quarter, and backed off for a second blow. This second blow crushed in my side, but at the same instant I gave him a full complement of shot and shell that drove him on shore and in flames.

"Finding myself in a sinking condition, I ran my bow into the bank and landed my wounded, still keeping up a fire on my first opponent, who at last hauled down his flag. My last gun was fired as the decks went under the water.

"No time to save anything, the officers and crews escaping with the clothes they had on their backs.

"We were taken off by boats from the squadron, who had now come up, the crews cheering as the Varuna went down with her flag flying, victorious in defeat, and covered with glory.

"I think we have done well. Eleven steamers destroyed by the squadron.* The old ram Manassas sunk by the Mississippi.

"This has been a gallant fight; no less than 170 guns playing on us.

"The Commodore, as a post of honor, dispatched me in my only remaining boat, with a picked crew from the Varuna's men, to carry dispatches to Gen. Butler.

"Having been in the boat for twenty-six hours, after such a day's previous work, you may imagine I am somewhat exhausted.—What my next position may be I do not know—perhaps to go home for another ship, or possibly to become naval aid to—Major-General Butler."

[*Capt. Bogge is too modest to say that he destroyed six out of the eleven.—*Ed.*]

☞ There has been some regret that Farragut has not a more euphonious name. A gentleman with slight German proclivities, says that it is not to be complained of—that it is, in truth, "*ferry good.*"

☞ A cockney sportsman gave a high figure for a well-bred pointer, but the poor cockney did not know what pointing was. So when the creature made a point, lifting a leg as usual and standing motionless, our cockney friend declared he had the cramp, and took him up in his arms and carried him home.

☞ He who promises rashly, will break his promise with the same ease as he made it.

☞ The London papers state the iron plates employed for casing the war vessels in the French navy, are far superior to the iron plates made in England.

☞ "MISTER MAGNANIMITY, father wants the loan of your newspaper for a few minutes, if you please." "Run back, my boy, and tell your father that I will lend him my breakfast with pleasure; but I haven't got through with my paper yet."

☞ "I swear, by those blue eyes and red lips, that I love you!" said a modern Romeo to his Juliet. "And if my eyes were red, and my lips blue, would you love me still?" asked the lady. The gentleman slunk away abashed.

☞ A smile may be bright while the heart is sad. The rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

☞ The Lynchburg Virginian boasts that the Merrimac "astonished the Yankees." Ay, but didn't the Monitor astonish *her!*

☞ If parents differ in their ideas of education, let them take a proper opportunity of discussing the matter in freedom and kindness; but do not let them weaken the respect of their children, by expressing doubts of each other's good judgment in their presence.

☞ With what different eyes do we view an action, when it is our own, and when it is another's!

☞ "If ever you have a dispute with any one about money," said a seedy fellow to a rich friend, "just leave it to me."

☞ Important to Anglers—One *rod* is equal to one *perch*.

☞ An ugly baby is an impossibility.

☞ RUNNING AGAINST TIME.—They are getting up trotting matches "against Time." They think, because Time is old that they can beat him, but we'll bet on him for a long run—a good many of our friends who began a race with him, have given up long ago and withdrawn from the track.

☞ One of the workmen employed in the Holyoke machine works in Massachusetts, was recently caught by his long beard in the spindle, and the whole mass of hair was torn out of his chin by the roots. A second Absalom.

Gen. Hunter Declares the Slaves of Georgia, Florida and South Carolina Free.

The following important order by Gen. Hunter, of the Department of the South, was issued from his headquarters, at Hilton Head, S. C., on the 9th of May:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, HILTON HEAD, S. C., May 9th, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS, No. 11.—The three States of Georgia, Florida and South Carolina, comprising the Military Department of the South, having deliberately declared themselves no longer under the protection of the United States of America, and having taken up arms against the said United States, it became a military necessity to declare them under martial law. This was accordingly done on the 25th day of April, 1862. Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in these three States, Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, heretofore held as slaves, are therefore declared forever free.

"[Official.] DAVID HUNTER,
"Major-General Commanding.
"ED. W. SMITH, Acting Assistant General."

Gen. Hunter, having indubitable evidence that the rebels had impressed and armed the slaves, was organizing a Negro Brigade, and had detailed some officers to train the contrabands to the use of arms. Considerable progress had been made, and the number of negroes at the different points was so great that no difficulty was apprehended in enlisting a corps sufficiently large to garrison all the fortifications at and near Port Royal.

Major Pangborne, of the army, who has just returned from Port Royal, states that the educational system that has been improvised for the benefit of contrabands does not work well, but that some two thousand acres of land are in cultivation by them under the supervision of suitable business persons. Major P. states that hundreds of the army intend to locate themselves upon the "Sea Islands" after the close of the war.

Amid regions of swamps are found large and fertile plantations, which are as blooming gardens of fruits and flowers. The grand old mansions have been deserted by their owners, but one has been protected by the military on account of its being the property of descendants of General Greene, of Revolutionary fame. The land on which it is located was granted to him by the state of South Carolina, for his great service in freeing the South from the control of the British forces.

NEWS ITEMS.

A "COLORED BRIGADE" is now in course of formation in New York, and is to consist of five regiments, and the command is to be tendered to John Creighton, late Lieut.-Col. of "Billy Wilson's" Regiment. The uniforms are already completed. They are of the Zouave pattern. Recruiting has been going on for some time by the Government, and there are now about 1,600 names on the muster roll. The matter is causing quite a flurry among our colored population. The entire brigade will be 4,000 men. The charter of vessels to convey the brigade to its destination—wherever that may be—was to day a subject of negotiation between the Government agent and private parties.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE Ordnance Bureau of the Navy Department entered into a contract with Mr. Knap, of the Fort Pitt Iron Works, Pittsburg, for monster cannon, with a calibre of 20 inches, throwing a ball weighing 1,000 lbs. With a sufficient charge of powder of superior quality, it is thought that a range of nearly 8 miles can be obtained for this terrible projectile. The gun is to be of the Dahlgren pattern, and constructed on the Rodman principle. The same establishment has an order for 50 Dahlgren guns of 15-inch bore.

CAPTURE OF GUNS AT NORFOLK.—Gen. Wool says:—

"As far as I have been able to ascertain, we have taken about two hundred cannon, including three at the Sewall's Point batteries, with a large number of shot and shell, as well as many other articles of value stationed at the Navy Yard, Craney Island, Sewall's Point, and other places."

BEAUREGARD is said to have asked of Gen. Halleck an armistice for ten days, which the latter held under advisement.

ISAAC NEWTON, of Philadelphia, has been nominated by the President as Commissioner of Agriculture under the new Department bill.

FROM BANKS' column we have a report that Milroy and Schenck's brigades of Fremont's army have occupied Staunton. In a skirmish near Front Royal the 28th Pennsylvania regiment lost 14 men killed.

GEN. WOOL has been confirmed by the Senate as Major-General, for gallant services in the capture of Norfolk. The Secretary of War has also issued an order thanking Wool and his men for that capture.

A REBEL naval officer, who accompanied a flag of truce sent by Beauregard lately to Halleck's army, admitted that Pensacola had been captured by the U. S. forces. Deserters from the rebel army were coming daily into the U. S. lines by squads, and they all agree that the rebels are still at Corinth fortifying. Sixty-one men, captured at Dresden, Tenn., were sent to us with the flag of truce to be exchanged. Halleck had ordered everybody away from his lines, including newspaper correspondents.

THE Fugitive Slave law is being quietly enforced in Washington, D. C. There are at least 400 cases pending.

Some say that Signor Buononcini,
Compared to Handel, is a ninny;
While others say that to him Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.
—*Dean Swift.*

☞ When Gen. Butler took possession of Baltimore, shortly after the breaking out of the war, the New Orleans journals made merry at his expense, and declared he was an old colored barber, known as "Picayune Butler," who formerly kept a shop under the St. Charles Hotel in the Crescent City.

☞ A poet in a recent poem speaks of an embrace as—

"One kiss—whose stolen sweetness all language outstrips;
'Twas the wild world of love in one contact of lips;
'Twas a whole wedded life, with its joy and its rest,
In one clasp of the arms, in one pant of the breast;
'Twas ocean, the mighty, with wide leagues of foam on't,
In a cup; 'twas eternity crushed to a moment."

☞ Six "ladies" of Newbern, N. C., who have to thank the U. S. troops for their daily bread, recently chanced to meet, when one of them involuntarily exclaimed:—"What should we have done if these *cussed* Yankees hadn't come?"

☞ Parson Brownlow has repeatedly assured Prentice that he never swore an oath, never played a card, never took a drink of liquor, never went to the theatre, never attended a horse-race, never told a lie, never broke the Sabbath, never wore whiskers, and never kissed any woman but his wife.

☞ CONVERSATION AT MEALS.—According to Mr. Disraeli, there can be no question that, next to the corroding cares of Europeans, principally occasioned by their love of accumulating money which they can never enjoy, the principal cause of the modern disorder of dyspepsia prevalent among them, is their irrational habit of interfering with the process of digestion by torturing attempts at repartee, and racking their brain, at a moment when it should be calm, to remind themselves of some anecdote so appropriate that they have forgotten it.

☞ The Rural Register states that the grass of lawns should not be cut too frequently, and in the first season after sowing the scythe should not be allowed to touch it.

☞ We may compare the soul of man to a linen cloth; it must be first washed to take off the native hue and color, and to make it white; and afterwards it must ever and anon be washed to preserve it white.

☞ We don't want men who will change, like the vanes of our steeples, with the course of every breeze; but men, who, like mountains, will change the course of the wind.

☞ A seat in the English Parliament costs something. Sir Thomas G. Hasketh recently got himself elected to the House of Commons at a cost, to himself, of $60,000.

☞ DISTINGUISHED HONOR.—Mason and Slidell, done in wax, have appeared in Madame Tussaud's celebrated London collection.

☞ The wife of an Illinois volunteer has been commissioned a major by the governor. She has followed her husband into battle after battle, and amid the flying balls attended upon the dying and wounded soldiers on the gory field. By this lady's outranking her husband, the doctrine of "woman's rights" has received a curious indorsement from Gov. Yates, of Illinois.

☞ It is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest.

☞ *Smart Boy*—"Say, Sam, bub was inquiring after you." *Sam*—"Bub? what bub?" *Smart Boy*—"Beelzebub!"

☞ The people of Florence have placed a tablet to Mrs. Browning's memory on the Casa Guidi, where she resided, and from whose "windows" she looked with such enthusiasm on the first outbreak of Italian freedom, and with such bitter grief at its first defeat.

☞ We do not easily discover our own faults; the clearest eyes do not see the cheeks below nor the brow above.

☞ An inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian graveyard:—"Here lies Estella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

☞ Lieut. Whipple, in his memoir of travels in California, states that there is a spring of cool, sweet water in San Diego county, not far from the desert, which has no power of quenching thirst.

☞ A number of ladies in Chicago met one afternoon recently, and accomplished over a mile and a quarter of sewing, on mattress sacks, for the wounded Western soldiers.

☞ It is remarkable that in proportion as the engines of war is improved, the destruction of life is diminished. To have taken Fort Pulaski by the old method would have involved the slaughter of hundreds; to take it by means of the latest improvements in artillery, cost the life of but one man!

☞ Gen. Magruder had two Col. Wallaces in his army at Yorktown—one of whom, like the General himself, is an inveterate whiskey drinker. They ought to call him Corn-Wallace.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamer Great Eastern arrived at New York on Saturday.

The Paris *Patrie* of the 4th inst., asserts that M. Mercier, the French Minister to Washington, had a long conference with Jefferson Davis, at Richmond, and that the step taken by M. Mercier is entirely of a political character, and is known by President Lincoln.

The Morning Herald argues from the reports of M. Mercier's visit to Richmond that the beginning of the end is not far distant. It says France and England suffer more than neutrals ever suffered from any contest, and both begin to regard the war as interminable and atrocious.

It was reported that Garibaldi had resigned the command of the Genoese volunteers, and it was believed that the corps would be disbanded.

A meeting, attended by about 6,000 people, was held at Aston-under-Lyne, to consider the crisis in the cotton districts. A motion calling on the Government to recognize the confederate States, and adopt Mr. Cobden's proposed alteration in maritime law, was proposed. An amendment was offered calling on the Governments of America, England and France to crush the rebellion, but, on a division, the original motion was carried by a considerable majority.

The London Times publishes a letter from Mr. Russell, explaining the difficulties thrown in his way by Secretary Stanton, when he sought to visit the British man-of-war Rinaldo. He says the difficulties amounted virtually to a prohibition, and he thinks that Secretary Stanton would order away the Rinaldo if he dared.

The London Times says the English Government has gradually withdrawn even the originally small stake in the military part of the enterprize in Mexico, and we have now little beyond a moral participation in the matter. We shall get such redress for the past and guarantees for the future as are found to be obtainable, and we want nothing more.

It is stated that further reinforcements of French troops and war materials are to be sent to Mexico.

A letter from Mexico, in the Monitour, comments on the intolerable conduct of the Mexican government, asserts that there is a probability that the French army will not delay in marching on the city of Mexico.

At Genoa a most startling robbery had been perpetrated. Six thieves, armed with pistols and daggers, entered one of the principal banks, garoted the officials, and made off with 800,000 francs.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

The Advance Within 15 Miles of Richmond.

OUR IRON-CLADS REPULSED FROM FORT DARLING.

THE NAUGATUCK'S BIG GUN EXPLODED.

FROM GEN. HALLECK'S ARMY.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

Expedition up the Pamunky River—Two Rebel Steamers and Twenty Schooners Destroyed.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, WHITE HOUSE, May 17, 10.30 P. M.

To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

A combined naval and army expedition, under Capt. Murray, U. S. navy, with troops and artillery under Major Willard and Capt. Ayres of the army, went some twenty-five miles up the Pamunky river to-day, and forced the rebels to destroy two steamers and some twenty schooners.

The expedition was admirably managed, and all concerned deserve great credit.

We have advanced considerably to-day.

The roads are now improving.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S advance guard has reached the crossing of the Chickahominy River and driven the enemy across. This is 15 miles from Richmond.

Our Iron-Clads Repulsed from Fort Darling—Explosion of the Naugatuck's Big Gun.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 11 o'clock, P. M.—The following dispatch has just been received at the War Department:—

WILLIAMSBURG, May 17.—To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.—The gunboats Galena, Monitor, Aristook, Naugatuck and Port Royal, were repulsed from Fort Darling, seven miles below Richmond, yesterday.

A portion of them have returned to Jamestown Island, near this place, in James river.

Lieut. Morris, commanding the Port Royal, sent overland to us this morning for intelligence regarding the forts below the island, and also to assist in burying the dead which he brought down with him. Seventeen bodies have been buried on the banks of the river, and there are a number of wounded on board, including Lieut. Morris himself.

The 100-pounder of the Naugatuck exploded at the first fire.

(Signed) DAVID CAMPBELL,
Col. 5th Cavalry.
(By authority of Gen. G. B. McClellan.)

The Repulse of the Iron-Clads in the James River.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—No official report of the gunboat affair on the James river has been received at the Navy Department. The messages received on the subject indicate an opportunity to do better in the future. The river is now clear of obstructions to within 7 miles of Richmond. At that point there is a heavy battery mounted on a high bluff, and the river is temporarily closed to navigation by sunken vessels, among which are said to be the Yorktown and Jamestown, and by piles, chains, etc. The Monitor could not elevate her guns sufficiently to reach the high battery, which rendered her useless. The banks of the river were filled with rifle pits, from which an incessant fire was poured upon the fleet, a part of which was engaged at from six hundred to one thousand yards of the main battery. After an action of four hours, the fleet, finding it impracticable under the circumstances to silence the battery on the bluff, withdrew. Our loss was thirteen killed and eleven wounded. Among the latter was Lieut. Morris in the leg by a Minie ball, but not seriously.

Latest from General Halleck—Active Skirmishing.

BEFORE CORINTH, May 17.—The latest advices from General Curtis are that his forces are between Leasy and Little Rock, Ark., and are rapidly marching on the state capital.

Gov. Rector has called on the militia and people generally, to come out, and large numbers have applied to General Curtis for protection, who desire to come under the old flag.

There is a general advance along our lines to-day, towards Corinth, much skirmishing, and several severe engagements.

Gen. Sherman's division lost 44 killed and a considerable number wounded.

In attacking Russell's house, which has been occupied for some time past by the rebels, annoying our pickets, we succeeded in driving the enemy from their position back to his works.

SUNDAY MORNING.—Among the killed left by the rebels on the ground was one with a sword, supposed to be an officer. Our forces under Gen. Sherman still occupy Russell's house in skirmishing.

The 8th Missouri is only about 300 yards from the enemy's breastworks. Several rifles were captured in the skirmish in the night.

Miscellaneous.

By the way of Memphis, we have details of the occupation of Pensacola. It seems that after a brisk cannonade, the vessels of the fleet sent boats ashore and found the forts deserted. The U. S. troops were to take possession the next day. The rebels burned the Navy Yard and forts.

FROM Fortress Monroe we have a rumor that Weldon, N. C., a very important railroad junction, has been evacuated by the rebels.

PRINCETON, the capital of Mercer county, Va., in Fremont's Department, has been attacked and captured from Gen. Cox's advance guard, by Humphrey Marshall, but has since been retaken.

A gang of 100 guerillas have been captured near Bloomfield, Mo.

FROM Port Royal we learn that the negro enlistment did not find favor with the blacks, some of whom were escaping to get away from it. A rebel gunboat, the steamer Planter, mounting one rifled gun, had escaped from Charleston in charge of a negro crew, who surrendered themselves and the vessel to the blockading squadron.

THE rebel officers at Corinth complain bitterly at Halleck's delay in attacking, as they had received all the reinforcements they could expect, and every day weakened them.

ADVICES from Washington seem to announce that General Hunter's proclamation was issued without any knowledge of it by the national Government at Washington, no authority having been given him for the purpose. The Washington Star says that Gen. Hunter had positive orders not to issue any proclamation.

☞ The Havana papers state that the sugar crop is very abundant this year, and that large quantities are received daily in Havana for exportation.

☞ Our wants expand with our means of gratifying them, but seldom contract with those of our means.

HEROES.

Mother Earth! are the Heroes dead?
Do they thrill the heart of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or to teach as the mild-eyed Nestor taught—
Mother Earth! are the Heroes gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise—
Dead? We can clasp their hands in ours—
And light our path by their shining eyes,
And wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done,
'Tis the pulse of a Hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever right has a triumph won,
There are the Heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a nobler field
Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod,
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the light above is the smile of God.
So, in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may sleep the years away,
For the Heroes live, and the sky is bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE MYSTERY," "EAST LYNNE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XX.

THE YEARS GONE BY.

Those readers will be disappointed who look for any very romantic *denouement* of "A Life's Secret." The story is a short and sad one. It teaches the wretchedness and evil that may result when truth is deviated from; it teaches the lengths to which a blind, unholy desire for revenge will carry an ill-regulated spirit; and it also shows how, in the moral government of the world, sin casts its hateful consequences upon the innocent as well as the guilty.

When the carriage of Dr. Bevary, containing himself and Miss Gwinn, drove from Mr. Hunter's door on the unknown errand, he—Mr. Hunter—staggered to a seat, rather than walked to it. That he was very ill that day, both mentally and bodily, there was no doubt; he was only too conscious of it. Austin had said to him, "Do not return; I will manage," or words to that effect. At present Mr. Hunter felt himself incapable of returning.

He sunk down in the easy chair, and closed his eyes, his thoughts thrown back to the past. An ill-starred past; one that had left its bane on his after life, whose consequences had clung to him like a covering, and must remain with him to the end of his days. It is impossible but ill-doing must leave its results behind; the laws of God and man alike demand it. Mr. Hunter, in early life, had been betrayed into committing a wrong act, and Miss Gwinn, in the gratification of her passionate revenge, had visited it upon him heavily.

Heavily, most heavily was it pressing upon him now. That unhappy visit to Wales, which had led to all the evil, was especially present to his mind this evening. A handsome young man, in the first dawn of manhood, he had gone to the fashionable Welsh watering place—partly to renew a waste of strength more imaginary than real; partly in the love of roving, natural to youth; partly to enjoy a few weeks relaxation. "If you want unusually respectable lodgings, go to Miss Gwinn's house on the South Parade," some friend, whom he encountered at his journey's end, had said to him. And to Miss Gwinn's he went. He found Miss Gwinn a cold, proud woman—it was she whom you have seen—bearing the manners of a lady. The servant who waited upon him was garrulous, and proclaimed, at the first interview, amidst other gossip, that her mistress had but a limited income—a hundred, or a hundred and fifty pounds a year, she believed; that she preferred to eke it out by letting her drawing-room and adjoining bed-room, and to live well, rather than to rusticate and pinch. Miss Gwinn and her motives were nothing to the young sojourner, and he turned a careless, if not a deaf ear to the gossip. "She does it chiefly for the sake of Miss Emma," added the girl; and the listener so far roused himself as to ask apathetically who "Miss Emma" was. It was her mistress's young sister, the girl said; there must be twenty good years between them. Miss Emma was but nineteen, and had just come home from boarding-school; her mistress had brought her up ever since the mother died. Miss Emma was not at home now, but was expected on the morrow, she went on. Miss Emma was not without her good looks, but her mistress took care they should not be seen by everybody. She'd hardly let her go about the house when strangers were in it, lest she should be met in the passages. Mr. Hunter laughed. Good looks had attractions for him in those days, and he determined to see for himself, in spite of Miss Gwinn, whether Miss Emma's looks were so good that they might not be looked at.

Now, by the merest accident—at least, it happened by accident in the first instance, and not by intention—one chief point in the future ill was unwittingly led to. In this early stage of the affair, while the servant maid was exercising her tongue in these items of domestic news, the friend who had recommended Mr. Hunter to the apartments, arrived at the house, and called out to him from the foot of the stairs, his high, clear voice echoing through the corridors—

"Lewis, will you come out and take a stroll?"

Lewis Hunter hastened down, proclaiming his acquiescence, and the maid proceeded to the parlor of her mistress.

"The gentleman's name is Lewis, ma'am. You said you forgot to ask it of him."

Miss Gwinn, methodical in all she did, took a sheet of note-paper and inscribed the name upon it, "Mr. Lewis," as a reminder for the time when she should require to make out his bill. When Mr. Hunter found out their error—for the maid henceforth addressed him as "Mr. Lewis," or "Mr. Lewis, sir"—it rather amused him, and he did not correct the mistake. He had no motive whatever for concealing his name; he did not wish it concealed. On the other hand, he deemed it of no importance to set them right; it signified not a jot to him whether they called him "Mr. Lewis" or "Mr. Hunter." Thus they knew him, and believed him to be Mr. Lewis only. He never took the trouble to undeceive them, and nothing arose to do it accidentally. The one or two letters only which arrived for him—for he had gone there for idleness, not to correspond with his friends—were addressed to the post-office, in accordance with his primary directions, not having known where he should lodge.

"Miss Emma" came home: a very pretty and agreeable girl. In the narrow passage of the house—one of those shallow residences built for letting apartments at the sea-side—she encountered the stranger, who happened to be going out as she entered. He lifted his hat to her.

"Who is that, Nancy?" she asked of the chattering maid.

"It's the new lodger, Miss Emma: Lewis, his name is. Did you ever see such good looks? And he has asked a thousand questions about you."

Now, the fact was, Mr. Hunter—stay, we will also call him Mr. Lewis for the time being, as they had fallen into the error—had not asked a single question about the young lady, save the one when her name was first spoken of. "Who is Miss Emma?" Nancy had supplied information enough for a "thousand" questions, unasked; and perhaps she saw no difference.

"Have you made any acquaintance with Mr. Lewis, Agatha?" Emma inquired of her sister.

"When do I make acquaintance with the people who take my apartments?" replied Miss Gwinn, in a tone of reproof. "They naturally look down upon me as a letter of lodgings—and I am not one to bear that."

Now comes the unhappy tale. It shall be glanced at as briefly as possible in detail; but it is necessary that parts of it should be explained.

Acquaintanceship sprung up between Mr. Lewis and Emma Gwinn. At first they would meet in the town, or on the beach, accidentally; and then, I very much fear that the meetings were tacitly, if not openly, more intentional. Both were agreeable, both were young, and a liking for each other's society grew in each of them. Mr. Lewis found his time hang somewhat heavily on his hands, for his friend had left; and Emma Gwinn was not restricted from walking out as she pleased. Only one proviso was laid upon her by her sister. "Emma, take care that you make no acquaintance with strangers, or suffer it to be made with you. Speak to none."

An injunction which Miss Emma disobeyed. She disobeyed it in a particularly marked manner. It was not only that she did permit Mr. Lewis to make acquaintance with her, but she allowed it to ripen into intimacy. Worse still, the meetings, I say, from having been at first really accidental, grew to be sought—sought on the one side as much as on the other.

Ah! young ladies, I wish this little history could be a warning to you, never to deviate from the strict line of right—never to stray, by so much as a thoughtless step, from the straight path of duty. Once allow yourselves to do so, and you know not where it may end. Slight acts of disobedience, that appear to you as the merest trifles, may yet be fraught with incalculable mischief. The falling into the habit of passing a pleasant hour of intercourse with Mr. Lewis, sauntering on the beach, in social and intellectual converse—and it was no worse—appeared a very venial offence to Emma Gwinn. But she did it in direct disobedience to the command and wish of her sister; and she knew that she so did it. She knew also that she owed to that sister, who had brought her up and cared for her from infancy, the allegiance that a child gives to a mother. In this early stage of the affair, she was alone to blame—not Mr. Lewis. It cannot be said that blame attached to him. There was no reason why he should not while away an occasional hour in pleasant chat with a young lady; there was no harm in the meetings, taking them in the abstract. The blame lay with her. It was no excuse to urge that Miss Gwinn exercised over her a too strict authority: that she kept her in, in some points, with an absurdly tight hand. But poor Emma Gwinn dreamt not of future ill as the result, and little thought what she was doing. At length it was found out by Miss Gwinn.

She did not find out much. Indeed, there was not much to find: except that there was more friendship between Mr. Lewis and Emma than there was between Mr. Lewis and herself, and that they often met to stroll on the beach, and enjoy the agreeable benefit of the sea breezes. But that was quite enough for Miss Gwinn. An uncontrollable storm of passionate anger ensued, which was vented upon Emma. She stood over her, and forced her to attire herself for travelling, protesting that not another hour should she remain in the house while Mr. Lewis remained. Then she started with Emma, to place her under the care of an aunt, who lived so far off as to be a day's journey.

"It's a shame!" was the comment of sympathetic Nancy, who deemed Miss Gwinn the most unreasonable woman under the sun. Nancy was herself engaged to an enterprising porter, to whom she counted on being married some fine Easter, when they had saved up sufficient to lay in a stock of goods and chattels. And she forthwith went straight to Mr. Lewis, and communicated to him what had occurred, giving him Miss Emma's new address.

"He'll follow her if he have got any spirit," was her inward thought. "It's what my Joe would do by me, if I was forced off to desert places by a old dragon."

It was precisely what Mr. Lewis did do. Upon the return of Miss Gwinn, he gave notice to quit her house, where he had already stayed longer than she originally counted upon. Miss Gwinn had no suspicion but what he returned to his home—wherever that might be.

You may be inclined to ask why Miss Gwinn had fallen into anger so great. That she loved her young sister with an intense and jealous love was certain. Miss Gwinn was of a peculiar temperament, and she could not bear that one spark of Emma's affection should stray from her. The real fact of the case being—only, it is not the fashion, as you are aware, in our civilized life for polite relatives to betray the precise nature of their sentiments one for the other—that very few sparks indeed of Emma's affection went towards her sister at all. She did not entertain for her even a cool sisterly regard: and the cause may have lain in the stern manners of Miss Gwinn. Deeply, ardently as she loved Emma, she yet was to her invariably cold and stern; and such manners do not beget love from the young. But, to account for Miss Gwinn's passionate and careless bursts of anger would be a vain attempt. They were frequent.

It was an old tale that which ensued. Thanks be to good manners and morals, we can say an "old" tale, in contradistinction to a modern one. A secret marriage in these days would be looked upon in condemning askance both by old and young. Under the purest, the most domestic, the wisest court in the world, manners and customs with the English people have taken a turn, and society calls underhand doings by their right name, and turns its back upon them. Nevertheless, such foolish things as private marriages, and runaway marriages were not unknown once: possibly, many of you, my readers, may remember instances amid the circle of your acquaintance.

I wonder whether one ever took place—where it was contracted in disobedience and defiance—that did not bring, in some way or other, its own punishment? To few, perhaps, was it brought home as it was to Mr. Hunter. No apology can be offered for the step he took: not even his youth, or his want of experience, or the attachment which had grown up in his heart for Emma. He knew that his father would have objected to his marrying her, on several grounds. In fact, he dared not tell him his purpose. Her position was not equal to his—old Mr. Hunter, a proud man, would not have deemed it to be so—and he would have objected on the score of his son's youth. Worst bar of all, there was madness, rank madness, in Emma Gwinn's family. So James Lewis Hunter took that one false, blind, irrevocable step of contracting a private marriage: and the consequences came bitterly home to him.

Six months afterwards, Emma Gwinn—nay, Emma Hunter—lay upon her deathbed. She had lived on at her aunt's, as Emma Gwinn, he being chiefly in London at his own home. A fever broke out in the neighborhood, which Emma caught, and Miss Gwinn, when apprised that she was in danger, hastened to her. Medical skill could not save her, and when she was in the death agony, she confessed her marriage: the bare fact only: none of its details; she loved her husband too truly to expose him to the dire wrath of her sister; and she died without giving the slightest clue to his real name—Hunter.

Dire wrath, indeed! That was scarcely the word for it. Insane wrath would be better. In Miss Gwinn's injustice (violent people always are unjust), she persisted in attributing Emma's death to Mr. Lewis. In her bitter grief, she jumped to the belief that the secret must have preyed upon Emma's brain in the delirium of fever, and that that prevented her recovery. It is very probable that the secret did prey upon it: though, it is to be hoped, not to the extent assumed by Miss Gwinn.

Strange coincidence as it may appear to be, Mr. Lewis arrived from London on the day after the funeral. He had been for some weeks on the continent, as his wife had known; hence the reason that she did not write to him when taken ill. Nobody need envy him the interview with Miss Gwinn; on her part, it was not a seemly one. Glad to get out of the house and be away from her reproaches, the stormy interview was concluded almost as soon as it was begun, and the same night he returned to London a widower—Miss Gwinn still in ignorance of his real name.

Following almost close upon Emma's death, illness attacked another sister of Miss Gwinn's—Elizabeth. It has not been necessary previously to mention her. Though but little older than Emma, she was married, and lived with her husband in the Isle of Jersey. When Miss Gwinn heard of her illness, she hastened to her, as she had done to Emma: for the one was quite as dear to her as the other had been. It was a peculiar illness, and it ended in a hopeless affection of the brain. Insanity had always been feared for her—though not in a greater degree than for the rest of the family. They were all liable to it, in the opinion of the medical men.

Once more Miss Gwinn's injustice came into play. Like as she had attributed Emma's death in a remote degree to Mr. Lewis, so did she now attribute to him the affliction which had come upon this other sister. That the two young sisters had been very warmly attached, was undoubted; but to say that this state of mind had resulted from Elizabeth's sorrow at her sister's loss, at the tidings of what had preceded it, was untrue. It may have had something to do with it, in the shape of bringing out the malady sooner than it would otherwise have shown itself; but its cause it was not. The poor young lady was placed in an asylum in London, of which Doctor Bevary was a visiting physician, and, by the death of her husband soon afterwards, she had to be maintained there at Miss Gwinn's cost.

Miss Gwinn could only do this at the expense of giving up her home. Ill-tempered as she was, we must confess she had her troubles. She gave it up without a murmur: she would have given up her life to benefit either of those, her young sisters. Retaining but a mere pittance, she devoted all her means to the comfort of Elizabeth. Private asylums are expensive: and she found a home with her brother, in Ketterford, where she spent her days bemoaning the lost, and cherishing a really insane hatred against Mr. Lewis—a desire for revenge.

She had never come across him until that Easter Monday, at Ketterford. And that, you will say, is scarcely correct, since it was not himself she met then, but his brother. Deceived by the resemblance, she attacked Mr. Henry Hunter in the manner you remember; and Austin Clay saved him from the gravel-pit. But the time soon came when she stood face to face with *him*. It was the hour she had so longed for: the hour of revenge.

What revenge? But for the wicked lie she forged, there could have been no revenge. The worst she could have proclaimed was, that James Lewis Hunter, when he was a young man, had so far forgotten his duty to himself and to the world's decencies, as to contract a secret marriage. True, he might have acknowledged he had done so, but his wife had died shortly after, leaving him free. And though he had mourned her sincerely, the time came when he had grown to think that all things were for the best—that it was a serious sort of embarrassment removed from his path.

What revenge would there have been in this? None, certainly, to satisfy one so vindictive as Miss Gwinn. She found him a man with social ties. He had married Louisa Bevary: he had a fair daughter; and the demon of mischief put it into her head to impose upon him the story that his first wife was still living; that she—she herself—had deceived him when she told him of her death; that she was, in fact, the patient of the asylum. From that hour—you must remember the interview, and Mr. Hunter's fearful agitation subsequent upon it—the sun of his life's peace had set. Dr. Bevary became impressed with the same belief—not by broad assertions from Miss Gwinn, but by doubtful hints, which so frightened him that he dared ask nothing. Next came down Gwinn of Ketterford upon Mr. Hunter. He learnt from his sister what she had done, and he turned it pretty handsomely to his own account. When Miss Gwinn found out that he was using it for the base purpose of extorting money, she felt half inclined to frustrate the scheme, by declaring the truth to Mr. Hunter. With all her faults, she was not mercenary. A fine life, between them, had they led Mr. Hunter. In his agony of mind, at the disgrace cast upon Mrs. Hunter and his child; in his terror lest the truth, (as he believed it,) should reach them, he lived, it may be said, a perpetual death. And the disgrace never could be removed; and the terror had never left him through all these long years.

All this was what his thoughts were cast back upon, as he sat now in the easy-chair of his dining-room. How long he sat there, he scarcely knew; but it was for hours. Then he aroused himself to the present. He remembered that he had purposed calling that day upon his bankers, though he had no hope—but rather the certainty of the contrary—that they would help him out of his financial embarrassments.

There was just time to get there before the bank closed, and Mr. Hunter had a cab called and went down to Lombard Street. He was shown into the room of the principal. The banker thought how ill he looked. His first question was about the heavy bill that was due that day. He supposed it had been presented and dishonored.

"No," said the banker. "It was presented and paid."

A ray of hope lighted up the sadness of Mr. Hunter's face.

"Did you indeed pay it? It was very kind. You shall be no eventual losers."

"We did not pay it from our own funds, Mr. Hunter. It was paid from yours."

Mr. Hunter did not understand.

"I thought my account had been nearly drawn out," he said; "and by the note I received this morning from you, I understood that you would decline to help me."

"Your account was drawn very close indeed; but this afternoon, in time to meet the bill upon his second presentation, there was a large sum paid in to your credit—two thousand, six hundred pounds."

A pause of blank astonishment on the part of Mr. Hunter.

"Who paid it in?" he presently asked.

"Mr. Clay. He came himself. You will weather the storm now, Mr. Hunter."

There was no answering reply. The banker bent forward in the dusk of the growing evening, and saw that Mr. Hunter was incapable of making one. He was sinking back in his chair in a fainting fit. Whether it was the revulsion of feeling caused by the conviction that he *should* now weather the storm, or simply the effect of his physical state, Mr. Hunter had fainted, like any girl might do. One of the partners lived at the bank, and Mr. Hunter was conveyed into the dwelling-house. It was quite evening before he was well enough to leave it.

He drove to the yard. It was just closed for the night, and Mr. Clay was gone. Mr. Hunter ordered the cab home. He found Austin waiting for him, and he also found Dr. Bevary. Seeing the latter, he expected next to see Miss Gwinn, and glanced nervously round.

"She is gone back to Ketterford," spoke out Dr. Bevary, divining the fear. "She will never trouble you again. I thought you must be lost, Hunter. I have been here twice, been home to dinner with Florence, been round at the yard, worrying Clay, and could not come upon you."

"I went to the bank, and was taking ill there," said Mr. Hunter. "Austin"—laying his hand upon the young man's shoulder—"what am I to say? This money can only come from you."

"Sir!" said Austin, half laughing.

Mr. Hunter drew Dr. Bevary's attention, pointing to Austin.

"Look at him, Bevary. He has saved me. But for him, I should have borne a dishonored name this day. I went down to Lombard Street, a man without hope, believing that the blow had been already struck in bills dishonored—that my name was on its way to the Gazette. I found that he, Austin Clay, had paid in between two and three thousand pounds to my credit, and so saved me."

"I could not put my money to a better use, sir. The two thousand pounds were left to me, you know; the rest I saved. I was wishing for something to turn up that I could invest it in."

"Invest!" exclaimed Mr. Hunter, deep feeling in his tone. "How do you know you will not lose it?"

"I have no fear, sir. The strike is at an end, and business will go on well now."

"If I did not believe that it would, I would never consent to use it," said Mr. Hunter. "Austin, how am I to repay you?"

A red flush mounted to Austin's brow, but he hastily answered, "I do not require payment, sir; I do not look for any."

"Will you link your name to mine?"

"In what manner, sir?"

"By letting the firm be from henceforth Hunter and Clay. I have long wished this; you are of too great use to me to remain anything less than a partner, and by this last act of yours, you have earned the right to be so. Will you object to join your name to one which was so near being dishonored?"

He held out his hand as he spoke, and Austin clasped it.

"Oh, Mr. Hunter!" he exclaimed, in the strong impulse of the moment, "I wish you would give me hopes of a dearer reward."

"You mean Florence," said Mr. Hunter.

"Yes," returned Austin, in agitation. "I care not how long I wait, or what price you may call upon me to pay for her. As Jacob served Laban seven years for Rachel, so would I serve for Florence, and think it but a day, for the love I bear her. Sir, Mrs. Hunter would have given her to me."

"My objection is not to you, Austin. Were I to disclose to you certain particulars connected with Florence—as I should be obliged to do before she married—you might yourself decline her."

"Try me, sir," said Austin, a bright smile parting his lips.

"Ay, try him," put in Dr. Bevary, in his quaint manner. "I have an idea that he may know as much of the matter as you do, Hunter. You neither of you know too much," he significantly added.

Austin's cheek turned red; and there was that in his tone, his look, which told Mr. Hunter that he had known the fact, known it for years.

"Oh, sir," he pleaded, "give me Florence."

"I tell you that you neither of you know too much," said Dr. Bevary. "But, look here, Austin. The best thing you can do, is, to go to my house and ask Florence whether she will have you. Then—if you don't find it too much trouble—escort her home."

Austin laughed as he caught up his hat. He found Florence alone. She looked surprised to see him, and asked why he had come.

"To take you home, for one thing. Do you dislike the escort, Florence?"

He bent towards her as he asked the question. A strange light of happiness shone in his eyes—a sweet smile hovered on his lips. Florence Hunter's heart stood still, and then beat as if it would burst its bounds.

"What has happened?" she stammered.

"This," he answered, drawing her gently to him; "the right to hold you here, Florence—to make you my wife, to love you and demand that you shall love me in return—forever. It has been given to me by your father."

The words in their fervent earnestness, carried instant truth to her heart, lighting it up with a joyousness as of the brightest sunshine.

"Oh, what a recompense!" she impulsively uttered from the depths of her great love; "what a recompense, after all my doubts and trouble!"

"No more doubts, no more trouble," he fondly whispered. "It shall be my life's labor henceforth to guard them from you, Florence, God helping me."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

White as the angel-wing of hope,
Firm as the rock from which it springs,
The lighthouse crowns the rocky slope,
And o'er the sea its far glance flings.

Oh! lone, pale watcher! when the night
Came on, with hissing sleet and storm,
How hath the sailor hailed thy light,
How hath he blessed thine unseen form!

What hast thou seen, what hast thou heard,
When wintry waves have talked with thee?
Had not the winds a taunting word?
Were there no voices in the sea?

It may be, but thou answerest not;
To-day, with thine unwakened eye,
Thou hast in thy stern sleep forgot
The smiles or frowns of sea or sky.

☞ The word letter of marque, for the commission of a privateer, is derived from *mark*, the German for frontier—as being the right to capture property beyond the limit or boundary of another state.

HEREDITARY CHARACTER.

Peculiar family traits may be traced through many generations. The Claudian family of Rome is a conspicuous instance, which for many centuries was the most haughty and aristocratic of the Patricians, and finally became the tyrants of Rome. From Appius Claudius, the Decemvir, to the monster Caligula, the same imperious temper seemed to pervade the race, or at all events, to be often reproduced in individual members of the family. The Catos were, during several generations, equally remarkable for severity of rectitude, from Cato the Censor to his great-grandson of the same name, who killed himself at Utica, and Marcus Brutus, the nephew of the latter. The Guises of France were, during at least three generations, alike in their imposing stature, seductive manners, and factious disposition. The same traits descended through Mary of Guise to the celebrated Mary Stuart and her posterity. The Stuart family of Scotland are known, historically, as having displayed a singular obstinacy or inaptness to yield to changing circumstances, and thereby suffering great misfortunes. Queen Mary lost her throne and life; her grandson, Charles First, of England, came to the same end; his son, James Second, was dethroned, and the family, after its exile, still continued intractable as before.

BYRON.

The transmission of a morbid temper of mind is illustrated in the poet Byron. The family, from the time it became historically known by the grant of Newstead Abbey to Sir John Byron, by Henry Eighth, had the characteristics of recklessness and extravagance. Charles the First granted a title of nobility and additional land, the family having before that time been much involved in pecuniary embarrassment. The grandfather of the poet, Admiral Byron, was brave, but unfortunate—his great uncle and predecessor in the title and ownership of the estate, killed his neighbor and relative, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel, and, as was alleged, by unfair means; ill-treated his wife, so that she was obliged to separate from him; wasted his estate, and lived solitary and friendless; always went armed, and supplied the place of his wife by a female domestic, who had the *sobriquet* in the neighborhood of "Lady Betty." Captain Byron, the father of the poet, ran away with the wife of the Marquis of Caermarthen, before he was of age; after her death he married Catharine Gordon, the mother of Lord Byron, squandered her property, and by bad treatment forced her to live separate from him. These ancestral traits descended to the poet, intermingled with the passionate temper of his mother. How he could have become possessed of *any good quality* seems strange, as his mother seemed to be endowed with little or none, and his father was a sensual, selfish, and unprincipled man. But the transmission of character by hereditary descent sometimes overleaps one or more generations. He had the solitariness, gloom, and domestic irregularity of his great-uncle, and he may have derived his better qualities from a source more remote.

FAMILY PROPENSITIES.

Voltaire mentions a case, within his own knowledge, of a father and two sons each committing suicide at the same age, and without any known cause. Dr. Burrowe relates a family trait of the same kind exhibited in three generations—the grandfather hung himself, three of his sons destroyed themselves, two of the grandchildren followed the example, and the fourth generation showed symptoms of the same propensity.

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

It is almost proverbial that a distinguished man is always found to have had a mother more than ordinarily endowed with vigor of mind. The care of a child in its early years is indeed of much consequence; but if the mother have good qualities she will impart them to her offspring at their birth; these will be fostered by maternal discipline, but will be seen to some extent, even under the most adverse circumstances, as the premature death or physical disability of the mother. The Gracchi, the Emperor Constantine, Charlemagne, and Napoleon are familiar instances of greatness which seemed to be derived chiefly from the mother. The innkeeper's daughter, Helena, mother of Constantine, was indeed of humble origin, but the veneration which the Emperor always exhibited toward her, even in her old age, is a sufficient proof of her remarkable qualities. Edward Third, of England, derived from his mother Isabella, his gallant and enterprizing character, although she was not a pattern of domestic virtue, but he inherited also her amative propensities. The warlike sons of the Duke of York (Edward Fourth and Richard Third) must have owed their energy to their mother, who was an extraordinary woman.

AN IMAGINARY WIFE.—King, the painter, was an old bachelor, but he imagined a wife and had a room fitted up for her, as if the fancy was real. A visitor describing it, says: "On a sofa are Mrs. King's hat, shawl, and gloves, she having just returned from a walk, it is supposed. You know, with such a wife he is not troubled by any expensive shopping of hers. Near a chair stands her embroidery-frame, the needle sticking in and the basket of worsteds conveniently near, and against the wall leans Mrs. King's guitar. Truly, this was a fanciful idea of his; and my friend told me that, as a child, he always entered the room with feelings of respect and awe for Mrs. King, and very readily paid the 'coming out fee'—a kiss for Mrs. King—which he always exacted from the privileged few who were allowed to enter this sanctum of his imagination—not painted on canvas."

☞ The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the more it shows us that her sands of life are running out.

"AT THE LAST."

[The following poem appeared, originally, in "*The Independent*," written upon the passage, "Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor, until the evening."]

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For Morning calls to toil, but Night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of Day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

"Until the evening" we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting may we glide
Like Summer evening down the golden tide;
And leave behind us as we pass away
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. BUTTERBY CHECKMATED.

Constance Channing proceeded to her duties as usual at Lady Augusta Yorke's. She drew her veil over her face, only to traverse the very short way that conveyed her thither, for the sense of shame was strong upon her conscience; not shame for Arthur, but for Hamish. It had half-broken Constance's heart.

There are times in our every-day lives when all things seem to wear a depressing aspect, turn to which side we will. They were wearing it that day to Constance.—Apart from home troubles, she felt particularly discouraged in the educational task she had undertaken. You heard the promise made to her by Caroline Yorke to be up and ready for her every morning at seven. Caroline kept it for two mornings, and then failed. This morning and the previous morning Constance had been there at seven, and returned home without getting to see either of the children. Both were ready for her when she entered now.

"How am I to deal with you?" she said to Caroline, in a sad but affectionate tone. "I do not wish to *force* you to obey me; I would prefer that you should do it cheerfully."

"It is tiresome to get up early," responded Caroline. "I can't awake when Martha comes."

"Whether Martha goes to you at seven or at eight, or at nine, she has the same trouble to get you up."

"I don't see any good in getting up early," cried Caroline.

"Do you see any good in acquiring good habits, instead of bad ones?" asked Constance.

"But, Miss Channing, why need we learn to get up early? We are ladies. It's only the poor who need get up at unseasonable hours—those who have their living to get."

"Is it only the poor who are accountable to God for waste of time, Caroline?"

Caroline paused. She did not like to give up her argument.

"It is so very low-lived to get up with the sun; I don't think real ladies ever do it."

"You think 'real ladies' wait until the sun has been up a few hours and warmed the pavement for them?"

"Y—es," said Caroline.

But it was not spoken very readily, for she had a suspicion that Miss Channing was laughing at her.

"May I ask where you have acquired your notions of 'real ladies,' Caroline?"

Caroline pouted.

"Don't you call Colonel Joliffe's daughters ladies, Miss Channing?"

"Yes—in position."

"That's where we went yesterday, you know. Mary Joliffe says she never gets up till half-past eight, and that it is not lady-like to get up earlier. Real ladies don't, Miss Channing."

"My dear, shall I relate to you a pretty anecdote that I have heard?"

"Oh, *yes*," replied Caroline, her listless mood changing to animation; anecdotes, or anything in that desultory way, being far more acceptable to the young lady than lessons.

"Before I begin, will you tell me whether you condescend to admit that our Queen is a 'real lady?'"

"Oh, Miss Channing, now you are laughing at me! As if any of us, in all England, could be so great a lady as the Queen!"

"Very good. When she was a little girl, a child of her own age, the daughter of one of the nobility, was brought to Kensington Palace to spend the day with her. In talking together, the Princess Victoria mentioned something she had seen when out of doors that morning at seven o'clock. 'At seven o'clock!' exclaimed the young visitor; 'how early that is to be abroad! I never get out of bed until eight. Is there any use in rising so early?' The Duchess of Kent, who was present, took up the answer. 'My daughter may be called to fill the throne of England when she shall be grown up; therefore, it is especially necessary that she should learn the full value of time.' You see, Caroline, the Princess was not allowed to waste her mornings in bed, although she was destined to be the first lady in the land. We may be thankful to her admirable mother for making her in that, as in many other things, a pattern to us."

"Is it a true anecdote, Miss Channing?"

"It was related to my mother, many years ago, by a lady who was, at that time, much at Kensington Palace. I think there is little doubt of its truth. One fact we all know, Caroline: that the Queen retains her early habits, and implants them upon her children. What do you suppose would be her Majesty's surprise, were one of her daughters—say, the Princess Helena, or the Princess Louise—to decline rising early for their morning studies with their governess, Miss Hildyard, on the plea that it was not 'lady-like?'"

Caroline's ground of objection appeared to be melting away under her.

"But it is a dreadful plague," she grumbled, "to be obliged to get up from one's nice warm bed, for the sake of some horrid old lessons!"

"You spoke of 'the poor'—those who 'have their living to get'—as the only class who need rise betimes," resumed Constance. "Put that notion far away from you at once, and forever, Caroline; there cannot be a more false one. The higher we go in the scale of life, the more onerous become our duties in this world, and the greater is our responsibility to God. He to whom five talents were intrusted, did not make them other five by wasting his days in idleness. Oh, Caroline!—Fanny, dear, come you closer and listen to me—your time and opportunities for good must be *used*—not abused or wasted."

"I *will* try and get up," said Caroline, repentantly. "I wish mamma had trained me to it when I was a child, as the Duchess of Kent trained the Princess! I might have learned to like it by this time."

"Long before this," said Constance. "Do you remember the good old saying 'Do what you ought, that you may do what you like?' Habit is second nature. Were I told that I might lie in bed every morning till nine or ten o'clock, as a great favor, I should consider it a great punishment."

"But I have not been trained to get up, Miss Channing; and it is nothing short of punishment to me to do so."

"The punishment of self-denial we all have to bear, Caroline. But I can tell you what will take off half its sting."

"What?" asked Caroline, eagerly.

Constance bent towards her.

"Jesus Christ said, 'If any will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.' When once we learn how to take it up cheerfully, bravely, for his sake, looking to him to be helped, the sting is gone. 'No cross, no crown,' you know, my children."

"No cross, no crown!" Constance had enough of cross to carry just then. In the course of the morning Lady Augusta came into the room boisterously, her manner indicative of great surprise.

"Miss Channing, what is this tale, about your brother's having been arrested for stealing that missing bank-note? Some visitors have just called in upon me, and they say the town is ringing with the news."

It was one of the first of Constance Channing's bitter pills; they were to be her portion for many a day. Her heart fluttered, her cheek varied, and her answer to Lady Augusta Yorke was low and timid.

"It is true that he was arrested yesterday on suspicion."

"What a shocking thing! Is he in prison?"

"Oh, no."

"Did he take the note?"

The question pained Constance worse than all.

"He did not take it," she replied, in a clear, soft tone. "To those who know Arthur well, it would be impossible to think he did."

"But he was before the magistrates, yesday, I hear, and is going up again to-day."

"Yes, that is so."

"And Roland could not open his lips to tell me of this, when I came home last night!" grumbled the lady. "We were late, and he was the only one up; Gerald and Tod were in bed. I shall ask him why he did not. But, Miss Channing, this must be a dreadful blow for you all."

"It would be a worse, Lady Augusta, if we believed him guilty," she replied from her aching heart.

"Oh, dear! I hope he is not guilty!" continued the lady, displaying as little delicacy of feeling as she could well do. "It would be quite a dangerous thing, you know, for my Roland to be in the same office."

"Be at ease, Lady Augusta," returned Constance, with a tinge of irony she could not wholly suppress. "Your son will incur no harm from the companionship of Arthur."

"What does Hamish say? handsome Hamish! He does not deserve that such a blow should come near him."

Constance felt her color deepen. She bent her face, by way of hiding it, over the exercise she was correcting.

"Is he likely to be cleared of the charge?" perseveringly resumed Lady Augusta.

"Not by actual proof, I fear," answered Constance, pressing her hand upon her brow as she remembered that he could only be proved innocent by another's being proved guilty. "The note seems to have been lost in so very mysterious a manner, that positive proof of his exoneration will be difficult."

"Well, it is a dreadful thing!" concluded Lady Augusta.

Meanwhile, at the very moment her ladyship was speaking, the magistrates were in the Town-hall in full conclave—the case before them. The news had spread—had excited interest far and wide; the bench was crowded, and the court was one dense mass of heads.

Arthur appeared, escorted by his brother Hamish and by Roland Yorke. Roland was in high feather, throwing his haughty glances everywhere, for he had an inkling of what was to be the termination of the affair, and did not conceal his triumph. Mr. Galloway also was of their party.

Mr. Galloway was the first witness put forth by Mr. Butterby. The latter gentleman was in high feather also, like Roland, believing he saw his way clear to a triumphant conviction. Mr. Galloway was questioned; and for some minutes it all went on swimmingly.

"On the afternoon of the loss, before you closed your letter, who was in your office?"

"My clerks—Roland Yorke and Arthur Channing."

"They saw the letter, I believe?"

"They did."

"And the bank-note?"

"Most probably."

"It was the prisoner, Arthur Channing, who fetched the bank-note from your private room to the other one? Did he see you put it into the letter?"

"I cannot say."

A halt.

"But he was in full possession of his eyes just then?"

"No doubt he was."

"Then what should hinder his seeing you put the note into the letter?"

"I will not swear that I put the note into the letter."

The magistrates pricked up their ears. Mr. Butterby pricked up his, and looked at the witness.

"What do you say?"

"I will not swear that I put the bank-note inside the letter," deliberately repeated Mr. Galloway.

"Not swear that you put the bank-note into the letter? What is it that you mean?"

"The meaning is plain enough," replied Mr. Galloway, calmly. "Must I repeat it for the third time? I will not swear that I put the note into the letter."

"But your instructions to me were that you did put the note into the letter," cried Mr. Butterby, interrupting the examination.

"I will not swear it," reiterated the witness.

"Then there's an end of the case!" exclaimed the magistrate's clerk, in some choler. "What on earth was the time of the bench taken up for in bringing it here?"

And there *was* an end of the case—at any rate, for the present—for nothing more satisfactory could be got out of Mr. Galloway.

"I have been checkmated!" ejaculated the angry Butterby.

They walked back arm-in-arm to Mr. Galloway's, Roland and Arthur. Hamish went the other way, to his own office, and Mr. Galloway lingered somewhere behind. Jenkins—true-hearted Jenkins, in the black handkerchief still—was doubly respectful to Arthur, and rose to welcome him; a faint hectic of pleasure illumining his face at the termination of the charge.

"Who said our office was going to be put down for a thief's?" uttered Roland. "Old Galloway's a trump! Here's your place, Arthur."

Arthur did not take it. He had seen from the window the approach of Mr. Galloway, and delicacy prevented his assuming his old post, until bade to do so. Mr. Galloway came in, and motioned him into his own room.

"Arthur Channing," he said, "I have acted leniently in this unpleasant matter, for your father's sake; but, from my very heart, I believe you to be guilty."

"I thank you, sir," Arthur said, "for that and all other kindness. I am not as guilty as you deem me. Do you wish me to leave?"

"If you can give me no better assurance of your innocence—if you can give me no explanation of the peculiar and most unsatisfactory manner in which you have met the charge—yes. To retain you here would be unjust to my own interests, and unfair as regards Jenkins and Roland Yorke."

To give this explanation was impossible: neither dared Arthur assert more emphatically his innocence. Once convince Mr. Galloway that he was not the guilty party, and that gentleman would forthwith issue fresh instructions to Butterby for the further investigation of the affair; of this Arthur felt convinced. He could only be silent and remain under the stigma.

"Then—I had better—you would wish me, perhaps—to go at once," hesitated Arthur.

"Yes," shortly replied Mr. Galloway.

He spoke a word of farewell, which Mr. Galloway replied to by a nod, and went into the front office. There he began to collect together certain trifles that belonged to him.

"What's that for?" asked Roland Yorke.

"I am going," he replied.

"Going!" roared Roland, jumping to his feet, and dashing down his pen full of ink, with little regard to the deed he was copying. "Galloway has never turned you off?"

"Yes, he has."

"Then I'll go, too!" thundered Roland, who, truth to say, had flown into an uncontrollable passion, startling Jenkins and arousing Mr. Galloway. "I'll not stop in a place where that sort of injustice goes on! He'll be turning me out next! Catch me stopping for it!"

"Are you taken crazy, Mr. Roland Yorke?"

The question proceeded from his master, who came forth to make it. Roland turned to him, his temper unsubdued, and his color rising.

"Channing never took the money, sir! It is not just to turn him away."

"Did you help him to take it, pray, that you identify yourself with the affair so persistently and violently?" demanded Mr. Galloway, in a cynical tone. And Roland answered with a hot and haughty word.

"If you cannot attend to your business a little better, you will get your dismissal from me; you won't require to dismiss yourself," said Mr. Galloway. "Sit down sir, and go on with your work."

"And that's all the thanks a fellow gets for taking up a cause of oppression!" muttered Mr. Roland Yorke, as he sullenly resumed his place at the desk. "This is a precious world to live in!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PIECE OF PREFERMENT.

Before the nine days' wonder, which, you know, is said to be the accompaniment of all marvels, had died away, Helstonleigh was fated to be astonished by another piece of news of a different nature—the preferment of the Reverend William Yorke.

A different preferment from what had been anticipated for him; otherwise, the news had been nothing extraordinary, for it is customary for the dean and chapter to provide livings for their minor canons. In a fine, open part of the town was a cluster of buildings, called Hazeldon's Charity, so named from its founder, Sir Thomas Hazeldon—a large, paved inclosure, fenced in by iron railings and a pair of iron gates. A chapel stood in the midst. On either side, right and left, ran sixteen almshouses, and at the top, opposite to the iron gates, stood the dwelling of the chaplain to the charity, a superior residence, called Hazeldon House. This preferment, worth three hundred pounds a-year, had been for some weeks vacant, the chaplain having died. It was in the gift of the present baronet, Sir Frederick Hazeldon, a descendant of the founder, and he now suddenly conferred it upon the Reverend William Yorke. It took Helstonleigh by surprise. It took Mr Yorke himself entirely by surprise. He possessed no interest whatever with Sir Frederick, and had never cast a thought to the probability of its becoming his. Perhaps, Sir Frederick's motive for bestowing it upon him was this—that, of all the clergy in the neighborhood looking out for something good to drop to them, Mr. Yorke had been nearly the only one who had not solicited it of Sir Frederick.

Its coming was none the less welcome. It would not interfere in the least with the duties or preferment of his minor canonry; a minor canon had once before held it. In short, it was one of those slices of luck which do sometimes come unexpectedly in this world.

In the soft light of the summer evening, Constance Channing stood under the cedar-tree. A fine old tree was that, making the boast of the Channings' garden. The sun was setting in all its gorgeous beauty, clouds of crimson and purple floated on the horizon, their gold edges dazzling the eye; a roseate hue pervaded the atmosphere, and lighted with its own loveliness the sweet face of Constance. It was an evening that seemed to speak peace to the soul—so would it have spoken to that of Constance, but for the ever-present trouble which had fallen there.

Another trouble was falling upon her, or seemed to be; one that more immediately concerned herself. Since the disgrace had come to Arthur, Mr. Yorke had been less frequent in his visits. Some days had now elapsed from the time of the dismissal from Mr. Galloway's, and Mr. Yorke had called but once. This may have arisen from accidental circumstances, but Constance felt a different fear in her heart.

Hark! that is his ring at the hall-bell. Constance has not listened for and loved that ring so long, to be mistaken now. Another minute, and she hears those footsteps approaching, warming her life-blood, quickening her pulses; the rosy hue on her face deepens to crimson, as she turns it towards him. She knows nothing yet of his appointment to the Hazeldon chaplaincy; Mr. Yorke has not known it himself two hours.

He came up and laid his hands upon her shoulders playfully, looking down at her.

"What will you give me for some news, by way of greeting, Constance?"

"News?" she answered, raising her eyes to his, and scarcely knowing what she did say, in the confusion of meeting him, in her all-conscious love. "Is it good or bad?"

"Helstonleigh will not call it good, I expect. There are those upon whom it will fall like a thunder-clap."

"Tell it me, William; I cannot guess," she said, somewhat wearily. "I suppose it does not concern me."

"But it does concern you—at second hand."

Poor Constance, timorous and full of dread since the grief had fallen, was but too apt to connect everything with that one source. We have done the same in our lives, all of us, when under the consciousness of some secret terror. She appeared to be living upon a mine, which might explode any hour and bring down Hamish in the *debris*. The words bore an ominous sound; and, foolish as it may appear to us, who know the nature of Mr. Yorke's news, Constance fell into a sudden panic, and turned white.

"Does—does—it concern Arthur?" she uttered.

"No. Constance," changing his tone, and dropping his hands as he gazed at her, "why should you be so terrified for Arthur? You have been a changed girl since that happened—shrinking, timid, starting at every sound, unable to look people in the face. Why so, if he is innocent?"

She shivered inwardly, as was perceptible to the eyes of Mr. Yorke.

"Tell me the news," she answered in a low tone, "if, as you say, it concerns me."

"I hope it will concern you, Constance. At any rate, it concerns me. The news," he gravely added, "is, that I am appointed to the Hazeldon chaplaincy."

"Oh, William!" The sudden revulsion of feeling, from intense, undefined terror of joyful surprise, was too much to bear calmly. Her emotion overpowered her, and she burst into tears. Mr. Yorke compelled her to sit down on the garden bench, and stood over her—his arm on her shoulder, her hand clasped in his.

"Constance, what is the cause of this?" he asked, when her emotion had passed.

She evaded the question. She dried her tears and smoothed her face to smiles, and tried to look as unconscious as she might.

"Is it really true that you have the chaplaincy?" she questioned.

"I received my appointment to it this evening. Why Sir Frederick should have conferred it upon me I am unable to say: I feel all the more obliged to him for its being unexpected. Shall you like the house, Constance?"

The rosy hue stole over her cheeks again, and a happy smile parted her lips.

"I once said to mamma, when we had been spending the evening there, that I should like to live at Hazeldon House. I like its situation; I like its rooms; I shall like to be busy among all those poor old people. But, when I said it, William, I had not the slightest idea that the chance would ever be mine."

"You have only to determine now how soon the 'chance' shall become certainty," he said. "I must take up my residence there within a month, and I do not care how soon my wife takes up hers, after that."

The rose grew deeper. She bent her brow down upon her hand and his, hiding her face.

"It could not possibly be, William."

"What could not?"

"So soon. Papa and mamma are going to Germany, you know, and I must keep house here. Besides, what would Lady Augusta say at my leaving her situation almost as soon as I have entered upon it?"

"Lady Augusta ——" Mr. Yorke was beginning impulsively, but checked himself. Constance lifted her face and looked at him. His brow was knit, and a stern expression had settled on it.

"What is it, William?"

"I want to know what caused your grief just now," was his abrupt rejoinder, "and what it is that has made you appear so strange of late."

The words fell on her like an icebolt. For a few brief moments she had forgotten her fears, had revelled in the sunshine of the prospective happiness so suddenly laid out before her. Back came the gloom, the humiliation, the sick terror.

"Had Arthur been guilty of the charge laid to him, and you cognizant of it, I could fancy that your manner would be precisely what it is," answered Mr. Yorke.

Her heart beat wildly. He spoke in a reserved, haughty tone, and she felt a foreboding that some unpleasant explanation was at hand. She felt more—that perhaps she ought not to become his wife with this cloud hanging over them. She nerved herself to say what she deemed she ought to say.

"William," she began, "perhaps you would wish that our marriage should be delayed, until—until—I mean now that this suspicion has fallen upon Arthur?"

She could scarcely get the incoherent words out, so great was her agitation. Mr. Yorke saw how white and trembling were her lips.

"I cannot believe Arthur guilty," was his reply.

She remembered that Hamish was, though Arthur was not; and, in point of disgrace, it amounted to the same thing. Constance passed her hand over her perplexed brow.

"He is looked upon as guilty by many; that we unfortunately know; and it may not be thought well that you should, under the circumstances, make me your wife. *You* may not think it so."

Mr. Yorke made no reply. He may have been deliberating upon the question.

"Let us put it in this light, William," she resumed, her tone one of intense pain. "Suppose, for argument's sake, that Arthur were guilty; would you marry me freely, all the same?"

"It is a hard question, Constance," he said, after a pause.

"It must be answered."

"Were Arthur guilty, and you cognizant of it—screening him—I should lose half my confidence in you, Constance."

That was the knell. Her heart and her eyes alike fell, and she knew, in that one moment, that all hope of marrying William Yorke was gone.

"You think that, were he guilty—I am speaking only for argument's sake," she breathed in her emotion, "you think, were I cognizant of it, I ought to betray him; to make it known to the world?"

"I do not say that, Constance. No. But you are my affianced wife; and, whatever cognizance of the matter you might possess, whatever might be the mystery attending it—and a mystery I believe there is—you should repose the confidence and the mystery in me."

"That you might decide whether or not I am worthy to be your wife?" she exclaimed, a flash of indignation lighting up her spirit. To doubt her! She felt it keenly. Oh, that she could have told him the truth! but she dared not, for Hamish's sake.

He took her hand in his; he laid the other upon it; he gazed searchingly into her face.

"Constance, you know what you are to me. This unhappy business has been as great a trial to me as to you. Can you deny to me all cognizance of its mystery, its guilt?" I ask not whether Arthur be innocent or guilty; I ask whether you are innocent of partisanship in the concealment. Can you stand before me and assure me, in all truth, that you are so?"

She could not.

"I believe in Arthur's innocence," she replied, in a low tone.

So did Mr. Yorke, or he might not have rejoined as he did.

"I believe also in his innocence," he said. "Otherwise—"

"You would not make me your wife. Speak it without hesitation, William."

"Well—I cannot tell what my course would be. Perhaps I would not."

A silence. Constance was feeling the avowal in all its bitter humiliation. It seemed to humiliate *her*.

"No, no; it would not be right of him to make me his wife now," she reflected. "Hamish's disgrace may come out any day; he may be brought to trial for it yet. His wife's brother! and he a Christian minister. No, it would never do. William," she said aloud, "we must part."

"Part!" echoed Mr. Yorke, as the words issued faintly from her trembling lips.

The tears rose to her eyes; it was with difficulty she kept them from falling.

"I cannot become your wife while this cloud overhangs Arthur. It would not be right."

"You say you believe in his innocence," was the reply of Mr. Yorke.

"I do. But the world does not. William," she continued, placing her hand in his, while the tears rained freely down her face, "let us say farewell, now."

He drew her closer to him; he dried the tears from her face.

"Explain this mystery, Constance. Why are you not open with me? What has come between us?"

"I cannot explain," she sobbed. "There is nothing for us but to part."

"We will not part. Why should we, when you say Arthur is innocent, and I believe him to be so? Constance, my darling, what is this grief?"

What were the words but a tacit admission that, if Arthur were not innocent, they should part? Constance so interpreted them. Had any additional weight been needed to strengthen her resolution, this would have supplied it.

"Farewell! farewell, William! To remain with you is but prolonging the pain of parting."

That her resolution to part was fixed, he saw. It was his turn to be angry now. A slight touch of the haughty Yorke temper was in him, and there were times when it peeped out. He folded his arms, and the flush left his countenance.

"I cannot understand you, Constance. I cannot fathom your motive, or why you are doing this; unless it be that you never cared for me."

"I have cared for you as I never cared for any one; as I shall never care for another. To part with you will be like parting with life."

"Then why speak of it? Be my wife, Constance; be my wife!"

"No, it might bring you disgrace," she hysterically answered; "and that you shall never encounter through me. Do not keep me, William; my resolution is irrevocable."

Sobbing as though her heart would break, she turned from him. Mr. Yorke followed her in-doors. In the hall stood Mrs. Channing. Constance turned aside, anywhere, to hide her face from her mother's eye. Mrs. Channing did not particularly observe her, and turned to accost Mr. Yorke. An angry frown was on his brow, an angry weight on his spirit. Constance's words and course of action had now fully impressed him with the belief that Arthur was guilty, that she knew him to be so; and the proud Yorke blood within him whispered that it was *well* so to part. But he had loved her with a deep and enduring love, and his heart ached bitterly.

"Will you come in and lend a helping hand in the discussion?" Mrs. Channing said to him, with a smile. "We are carving out the plan for our journey."

He bowed, and followed her into the sitting-room. He did not speak of what had just occurred, leaving that to Constance, if she should choose to give an explanation. It was not Mr. Yorke's place to say, "Constance has given me up. She has impressed me with the conviction that Arthur is guilty, and she says she will not bring disgrace upon me." No, certainly; he could not tell them that.

Mr. Channing lay as usual on his sofa, Hamish near him. Gay Hamish, who was looking as light-faced as ever; undoubtedly, he seemed as light-hearted. Hamish had a book before him, a map and a pencil. He was tracing out the route of his father and mother, joking always.

After much anxious consideration, *pro* and *con*, Mr. Channing had determined to proceed at once to Germany. It is true that he could not well afford to do so; and, before he heard from Dr. Lamb the very insignificant cost it would prove, he had been in the habit of putting it out of view, as wholly impracticable at present. But the information given him by the doctor changed his views, and he began to think it not only practicable, but feasible. His children were given much help now to meet home expenses—Constance, in going to Lady Augusta; Arthur, to the Cathedral. Dr. Lamb strongly urged his going, and Mr. Channing himself knew that, if he could but come home restored to health and to activity, the journey, instead of being a cost, would, in point of fact, prove a saving. With much deliberation, with much prayer to be helped to a right decision, Mr. Channing at length made it—to go.

It was necessary to start at once, for the season was already advanced; indeed, as Dr. Lamb observed, he ought to have been away a month back. Then all was bustle and preparation. Two or three days were wasted in the unhappy business concerning Arthur. But all the grieving over that, all the staying at home for it, could do no good; Mr. Channing was fain to see that it could not, and the preparations were hastened. Hamish was most active in all—in urging the departure, in helping at the packing, in carrying out their route; joking, I say, always.

"Now, mind, mother, as you are to be manager in chief, it is the *Antwerp* packet you are to take," he was saying, in a serio-comic, dictatorial manner. "Don't you get seduced on to any indiscriminate steamer, or you may find yourselves carried off to some unknown regions inhabited by cannibals, and never be heard of more. The Antwerp steamer, and it starts from St. Katherine's Docks—if you have the pleasure of knowing that enchanting part of London. I made acquaintance with it in a fog, in that sight-seeing visit I paid to town; and its beauty, I must confess, did not impress me. From St. Katherine's Docks you will reach Antwerp in eighteen hours, which is an average passage—always provided the ship's bottom does not come out."

"Hamish!"

"Well, I'll not anticipate: I dare say it is well caulked. At any rate, take an insurance ticket against accident, and then you'll be all right. An Irishman slept at the top of a very high hotel. 'Are you not afraid to sleep up there, in case of fire?' a friend asked him. 'By the powers no,' said he; 'they tell me the house is insured.' Now, mother mine—"

"Shall we have to stay in Antwerp, Hamish?" interrupted Mr. Channing.

"Yes, as you return, sir; which answer you will think emanated from our Irish friend. Nobody ever went to Antwerp yet without giving the glorious old town a few hour's inspection. I only wish the chance were offered me! Now, as you go, you will not be able to get about; but, as you return, you will—if all the good has been done you that I anticipate."

"Do not be too sanguine, Hamish."

"My dear father," and Hamish's tone assumed a deeper feeling, "to be sanguine was implanted in my nature at my birth: but in this case I am more than sanguine. You will be cured, depend upon it. When you return, in three months' time, I shall not have a fly waiting for you at the station here, or, if I do, it will be for the mother's exclusive use and benefit; I shall parade you through the town on my arm, showing your renewed strength of leg and limb to the delighted eyes of Helstonleigh."

"Why are you so silent?" Mrs. Channing inquired of William Yorke. She had suddenly noticed that he had scarcely said a word; that he had sat in a fit of abstraction since his entrance.

"Silent? Oh! Hamish is talking for all of us," he answered, starting from his reverie.

"The ingratitude that people possess!" ejaculated Hamish. "Is he saying that in a spirit of complaint, now? Mr. Yorke, I am astonished at you."

At this moment Tom was heard to enter the house. That it could be nobody but Tom, was undoubted, by the noise and commotion; the others were quieter, except Annabel, and she was a girl. Tom it was, and he came in, tongue, and hands, and feet, all going together.

"What luck, is it not, Mr. Yorke? I am so glad it's you who has got it!"

Mr. Channing looked up with surprise. "Tom, will you never learn good manners! Got what?"

"Has he not told you?" exclaimed Tom, entirely ignoring the reproof as to his manners. "He is appointed to Hazeldon Chapel. Where's Constance? I'll be bound he has told *her!*"

Saucy Tom! They received his news in silence, looking to Mr. Yorke for explanation. He rose from his chair, and his cheek slightly flushed as he confirmed the tidings.

"Does Constance know it?" inquired Mrs. Channing, speaking in the moment's impulse.

"Yes," was Mr. Yorke's short answer. And then he said something, not very coherent, about having an engagement, and took his leave, wishing Mr. Channing every benefit from his journey.

"But we do not go until the day after to-morrow," objected Mr. Channing. "We shall see you before that."

Another unsatisfactory sentence from Mr. Yorke, that he "was not sure." In shaking hands with Mrs. Channing he bent down with a whisper: "I think Constance has something to say to you."

Mrs. Channing found her in her room in a sad state of distress. "Child! what is this?" she uttered.

"Oh! mother, mother, it is all at an end, and we have parted for ever!" was poor Constance's wailed out answer. And Mrs. Channing, feeling quite sick with the various troubles that seemed to be coming upon her, inquired *why* it was at an end.

"He feels that the disgrace which has fallen upon us would be reflected upon him, were he to make me his wife. Mother, there is no help for it: it *would* disgrace him."

"But where there is no real guilt there can be no real disgrace," objected Mrs. Channing. "I am firmly persuaded, however mysterious and unsatisfactory things appear, that Arthur is not guilty, and that time will prove he is not."

Constance could only shiver and sob. Knowing what she knew, she could entertain no hope.

"Poor child! poor child!" murmured Mrs. Channing, her tears dropping upon the fair young face, as she gathered it to her sheltering bosom. "What have you done that this blight should extend to you?"

"Teach me to bear it, mother. It must be God's will."

And Constance Channing lay in her resting-place, and there sobbed out her heart's grief, as she had used to do in her early girlhood.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN APPEAL TO THE DEAN.

The first brunt of the edge worn off, Arthur Channing partially recovered his cheerfulness. The French have a proverb, which must be familiar to all of you, in these *French* days, when everybody knows the language, or professes to know it—"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*" There is a great deal of truth in it, as experience teaches, and as Arthur found. "Where is the use of my dependence upon God," Arthur also reasoned with himself ten times a day, "if it does not serve to bear me up in this my first trouble? As well have been brought up next door to a heathen! All things are possible with Him: He can bring my innocence to light in the sight of my fellow-men, without—oh, without discovering the guilt of Hamish, if it be His good pleasure. Why, if I were guilty, I could only be as one ground down to the dust! Let me do the best I can under it, and go my way as if it had not happened, trusting all to God."

A good resolution, and one that none could have made and kept unless he had learnt that full trust in the Most High which is the surest beacon light we can possess in this world.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust in Him; and He shall bring it to pass. He shall make thy righteousness as clear as the light; and thy just dealing as the noonday." Hour after hour, day after day, were those precious promises in Arthur Channing's heart. He grew to trust them with the most implicit faith; he felt a sure conviction that God would bring his innocence to light in His own good time; and at that time he was content to wait for. Not at the expense of Hamish. In his brotherly love for Hamish, which this transaction had been unable to dispel, he would have shielded his reputation at any sacrifice to himself. He had grown to excuse Hamish, far more than he could ever have excused himself, had he been guilty of it; and he constantly prayed, and fully hoped, that the sin might never be brought home to Hamish, even by the remotest suspicion, and that he would never fall again. Hamish was now so kind to Arthur—gentle in manner, considerately thoughtful, anxious to spare him, to resent any rude shaft that might be hurled at him. He had taken to profess his full belief in Arthur's innocence; not as loudly perhaps, but quite as urgently, as did Roland Yorke. "He would *prove* my innocence, and take the guilt to himself, but that it would bring ruin to my father," fondly soliloquised Arthur.

Arthur Channing's most earnest desire, for the present, was to obtain some employment. His weekly salary at Mr. Galloway's had been trifling; but still it was so much lost. He had gone to Mr. Galloway's not so much to be of help to that gentleman, who really did not require a third clerk, as to get his hand to the routine of the office, against he should be articled. Hence his weekly pay had been almost nominal. Small though it was, he was anxious to replace it; and he sought to hear of something in the town. As yet, without success. Persons were not willing to engage one on whom a doubt rested; and a very great doubt, in the opinion of the town, did rest upon Arthur. The manner in which the case had terminated—by Mr. Galloway's refusing to swear he put the bank note in the envelope, when it was known that Mr. Galloway *had* put it in, and that Mr. Galloway himself knew that he had put it in—told more against Arthur than the actual charge had done. It was not, you see, establishing Arthur's innocence; on the contrary, it rather tended to imply his guilt. "If I go on with this, he will be convicted, therefore I will withdraw it for his father's sake," was the motive of action which the town imputed to Mr. Galloway. His summary dismissal, also, from the office, was urged against him. Altogether, Arthur did not stand well with Helstonleigh; and fresh employment did not readily show itself. This was of little moment, comparatively speaking, while his good place in the Cathedral was not perilled. But that was to come.

On the day previous to the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Channing, Arthur was seated at the organ in the afternoon service, playing the anthem, when Mr. Williams came up. Arthur saw him with surprise. It was not the day for practising the choristers; therefore, what could he want? A feeling of dread, that it might bode ill to him, came over Arthur's heart.

Which feeling was borne out all too surely. "Channing," Mr. Williams began, scarcely giving himself time to wait until the service was over, and the congregation were leaving, "the dean has been talking to me about this bother. What is to be done?"

The life-blood at his heart seemed to stand still, and then go on again. His place there was about to be taken from him; he knew it. Must he become an idle, useless burthen upon them at home?

"He met me this morning in High Street, and stopped me," continued Mr. Williams. "He considers that if you were guilty of the theft, you ought not to be allowed to retain your place here. I told him you were not guilty—that I felt thoroughly convinced of it; but he listened coldly. The dean is a severe man, and I have always said it."

"He is a good man, and only severe in the cause of injustice," replied Arthur, who was himself too just to allow blame to rest where it was not due, even though it were to defend himself. "Did he give orders for my dismissal?"

"He has not done it yet. I said to him, that when a man was accused wrongly, it ought not to be a plea for all the world's trampling him down. He answered pretty warmly to that, that of course it ought not; but that, if appearances might be trusted, you were not accused wrongly."

Arthur sat, scoring some music with his pencil. Never had he felt that appearances were against him more plainly than he felt it then.

"I thought I would step down and tell you this, Channing," Mr. Williams observed. "I shall not dismiss you, you may be sure of that; but, if the dean puts forth his veto, I cannot help myself. He is master of the Cathedral, not I. I cannot think what possesses the people to doubt you! They would not, if they had ten grains of sense."

The organist concluded his words as he hurried down the stairs—he was always much pressed for time. Arthur, a cold weight lying at his heart, put the music together, and departed.

He traversed the nave, crossed the body, and descended the steps to the cloisters. As he was passing the Chapter House, the doors opened, and Dr. Gardiner came out, in his surplice and trencher. He closed the doors after him, but not before Arthur had seen the dean seated alone at the table—a large folio before him. Both of them had just left the Cathedral.

Arthur raised his hat to the canon, who acknowledged it, but—Arthur thought—very coldly. To a sore mind, fancy is ever active. A thought flashed over Arthur that he would go, there and then, and speak to the dean.

Acting upon the moment's impulse, without premeditation as to what he should say, he turned back and laid his hand upon the door handle. A passing tremor, as to the result, arose in his heart; but he had learnt where help in need is ever to be obtained, and an earnest word of prayer went up then. The dean looked round, saw it was Arthur Channing who entered, rose from his seat, and waited his approach.

"Will you pardon my intruding upon you here, Mr. Dean?" he began, in his gentle, courteous manner; and, with the urgency of the occasion, all his energy seemed to come to him. Timidity and tremor vanished, and he stood before the dean, a true gentleman and a fearless one. The dean still wore his surplice, and his trencher lay on the table near him. Arthur placed his own hat by its side. "Mr. Williams has just informed me that you cast a doubt as to the propriety of my still taking the organ," he added.

"True," said the dean. "It is not fitting that one upon whom so heavy an imputation lies should be allowed to continue his duty in the Cathedral."

"But, sir—if that imputation be a mistaken one?"

"How are we to know that it is a mistaken one?" demanded the dean.

Arthur paused.

"Sir, will you not take my word for it? I am incapable of telling a lie. I have come to you to defend my own cause; and yet I can only do it by my bare word of assertion. You are not a stranger to the circumstances of my family, Mr. Dean; and I honestly avow that if this post is taken from me, it will be felt as a serious loss. I have lost what little I had from Mr. Galloway; I trust I shall not lose this."

"You know, Channing, that I should be the last to do an unjust thing; you also may be aware that I respect your family very much," was the dean's reply. "But this crime which has been laid to your charge is a heavy one. If you were guilty of it, it cannot be overlooked."

"I was not guilty of it," Arthur impressively said, his tone full of emotion. "Sir! Mr. Dean! believe me. When I shall come to answer to my Maker for my doings upon earth, I cannot speak with more earnest truth than I now speak to you. I am entirely innocent of the charge. I did not touch the money; I did not know that the money was lost, until Mr. Galloway announced it to me some days afterwards."

The dean gazed at Arthur as he stood before him! at his tall form—noble even in its youthfulness—his fine, ingenuous countenance, his earnest eye; it was impossible to associate such with the brand of guilt, and the dean's suspicious doubts melted away. If ever uprightness was depicted unmistakably in a human countenance, it shone out then from Arthur Channing's.

"But there appears, then, to be some mystery attaching to the loss, to the proceedings altogether," debated the dean.

"No doubt there may be; no doubt there is," was the reply of Arthur. "Sir," he impulsively added, "will you stand my friend, so far as to grant me a boon?"

The dean wondered what he meant.

"Although I have thus asserted my innocence to you, and it is the solemn truth, there are reasons why I do not wish to speak out so unequivocally to others. Will you kindly regard this interview as a confidential one—not speaking of its purport even to Mr. Galloway?"

"But why?" asked the dean.

"I cannot explain. I can only throw myself upon your kindness, Mr. Dean, to grant the request. Indeed," he added, his face flushing, "my motive is an urgent one."

"The interview was not of my seeking; so you may have your boon," said the dean.—"But I cannot see why you should not publicly assert it, if, as you say, you are innocent."

"Indeed, I am innocent," repeated Arthur. "Should one ray of elucidation ever be thrown upon the affair, you will see, Mr. Dean, that I have spoken truth."

"I will accept it as truth," said the dean. "You may continue to take the organ."

"I knew God would be with me in the interview!" thought Arthur, as he thanked the dean and left the Chapter House.

He did not go home immediately. He had a commission to execute in the town, and went to do it. It took him about an hour, which brought it to five o'clock. In returning through the Boundaries he encountered Roland Yorke, just released from that bane of his life, the office, for the day. Arthur told him how near he had been to losing the Cathedral.

"By Jove!" uttered Roland, flying into one of his indignant fits. "A nice dean he is! He'd deserve to lose his own place, if he had done it."

"Well, the danger is over for the present. I say, Yorke, does Galloway talk much about it?"

"Not he," answered Roland. "He is as sullen and crabbed as any old bear. I say to Jenkins that he is in a passion with himself for having sent you away, and I don't care if he hears me. There's an awful amount to do since you went. I and Jenkins are worked to death. And there'll be the busiest time in all the year coming on soon, with the autumn rents and leases. I shan't stop long in it, I know!"

Smiling at Roland's account of being worked to death, for he knew how much the assertion was worth, Arthur continued his way. Roland continued his, and, on entering his own house, met Constance Channing leaving it. He exchanged a few words of chatter with her, though it struck him that she looked unusually sad, and then found his way to the presence of his mother.

"What an uncommon pretty girl that Constance Channing is!" quoth he, in his free, unceremonious fashion. "I wonder she condescends to come here to teach the girls!"

"I think I shall dismiss her, Roland," said Lady Augusta.

"I expect she'll dismiss herself, ma'am, without waiting for you to do it, now William Yorke has got bread and cheese, and a house to eat it in," returned Roland, throwing himself at full length on a sofa.

"Then you expect wrong," answered Lady Augusta. "If Miss Channing leaves, it will be by my dismissal. And I am not sure but I shall do it," she added, nodding her head.

"What for?" asked Roland, lazily.

"It is not pleasant to retain, as instructress to my children, one whose brother is a thief!"

Roland tumbled off the sofa, and rose up with a great cry—a cry of passionate anger, of aroused indignation.

"What?" he thundered.

"Good gracious! are you going mad?" uttered the lady. "What is Arthur Channing to you, that you should take up his cause in this startling way, upon every possible occasion?"

"He is this to me—that he has got nobody else to stand up for him," stuttered Roland, so excited as to impede his utterance. "We were both in the same office, and the shameful charge might have been cast upon me, as it was cast upon him; it was all chance, luck. Channing is as innocent of it as you, mother; he is as innocent as that precious dean, who has been wondering whether he shall dismiss him from the Cathedral. A charitable lot you all are!"

"I'm sure I don't want to be uncharitable," cried Lady Augusta, whose heart was kind enough in the main. "Half the town says he must be guilty, and what is one to think? Then you would not recommend me to let it make any difference to Miss Channing's coming here?"

"No!" burst forth Roland, in a tone that might have brought down the roof, had it been glass. "I'd scorn such wicked injustice!"

"If I were you, I'd 'scorn' putting myself into these fiery tempers, upon other people's business," cried my lady.

"It is my business," retorted Roland. "Better go into tempers than be hard and unjust. What would William Yorke say at your speaking so of Miss Channing?"

Lady Augusta smiled.

"It was the hearing what William Yorke had done that nearly decided me. He has broken with Miss Channing. And he has done well, Roland. It is not fit that he should take his wife from a disgraced family. I have been telling him so ever since it happened."

Roland stood before her, as if unable to digest the news; his mouth open, his eyes staring.

"It is not true!" he shrieked.

"Indeed, it is perfectly true. I gathered a suspicion of it from William Yorke's manner to-day, and I put the question plainly to Miss Channing herself. 'Had they parted in consequence of this business of Arthur's?' She acknowledged that it was so."

Roland turned white with honest anger. He dashed his hair from his brow, where the moisture stood in drops, like peas. And with an ugly word, which would be more ugly still if written, he dashed down the stairs four at a time, and flung out of the house; probably with the intention of having a little personal explosion with the Reverend William Yorke.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A TASTE OF "TAN."

The cloisters of Helstonleigh were echoing with the sounds of a loud dispute, according as little with their sacred character, as with the fair beauty of the summer's afternoon.

The excitement caused in the college school by the rumor of Lady Augusta Yorke's having obtained the promise of the head-master that her son should be promoted to the seniorship over the heads of Channing and Huntley, had been smouldering ominously, and gathering all the more strength from the very fact that the boys appeared to be powerless in it. Powerless they were, in spite of Tom Channing's boast at the dinner-table, that the school would not stand it tamely, and his meaning nod when Hamish had mockingly inquired whether the school intended to send Lady Augusta a challenge, or to recommend Mr. Pye to the surveillance of the dean.

In the first flow of their indignation, the boys, ringing the changes of rebellion freely, had avowed to one another that they would acquaint the dean with the head-master's adoption of favoritism, and request his interference—like too many of us do when things happen that annoy us. We are only too prone to speak out our mind, to proclaim what our remedy or revenge shall be. We will do this, or do the other. The boasts seem feasible while our anger lasts, but when that has subsided into reason and coolness, and we see things in their true light, untinged by prejudice, we find that those boasts were but loud talking, and will not do to act upon. Thus it was with the Helstonleigh college boys. They had hurled forth in threats their indignation at the master, they had pretty nearly conned over the very words in which they should make known their grievance to the dean; but when the practical part came to be considered, their courage oozed out at their fingers' ends. The mice, you remember, passed a resolution in solemn conclave that their enemy, the old cat, should be belled; an excellent precaution, and only lacking one little facility to render it an efficient one—no mouse would undertake to do it.

To prefer a complaint to the dean of their head-master was a daring measure; such as the school, with all its hardihood, had never yet attempted. It might recoil upon themselves; might be productive of no benefit to the question at issue, and only end in making the master their enemy. On the other hand, the boys were fully resolved not to submit tamely to a piece of favoritism so unjust, without doing something. In the midst of this perplexity, one of them suddenly mooted the suggestion that a written memorial should be sent to the head-master from the school collectively, respectfully requesting him to allow the choice of senior to be made in the legitimate order of things, by merit or priority, but not by favor.

Lame as the suggestion was, the majority were for its adoption, simply because no other plan could be hit upon; some were against it. Hot arguments prevailed on both sides, and a few personal compliments, rather tending to break the peace, had been exchanged. The senior boy held himself aloof from acting personally; it was his place they were fighting for. Tom Channing and Huntley were red-hot against what they called the "sneaking," meaning the underhand work. Gerald Yorke was equally hot for non-interference, either to the master or the dean. Yorke protested it was not in the least true that Lady Augusta had been promised anything of the sort. In point of fact, there was no proof that she had, except her own assertion, made in the hearing of Jenkins. Gerald gravely declared that Jenkins had gone to sleep and dreampt it.

Affairs had been going on in a cross-grained sort of a manner all day. The school, taking it as a whole, had been inattentive; Mr. Pye had been severe; the second rooster had caned the whole desk, and threatened another, and double lessons had been set the upper boys for the following morning. Altogether, when the gentlemen were released at five o'clock, they were not in the sweetest of tempers, and entered upon a wordy war in the cloisters.

"What possessed you to take and tear up that paper you were surreptitiously scribbling at, when Pye ordered you to go up and hand it in?" demanded Gaunt of George Brittle. "It was that which put him out with us all. Was it a love-letter?"

"Who was to think he'd go and ask for it?" returned Brittle, an indifferent sort of a gentleman, who liked to take things cool and easy. "Guess what it was."

"Don't talk to me about guessing!" imperiously spoke Gaunt. "I ask you what it was."

"Nothing less than the memorial to himself," laughed Brittle. "Some of us made a rough shell of it, and I thought I'd set on and copy it fair; when old Pye's voice came thundering, 'What's that you are so stealthily busy over, Mr. Brittle? Hand it in.' Of course, I could only tear it into minute pieces, and pretend to be deaf."

"You had best not try it on again," said Gaunt. "Nothing puts out Pye like disobeying him to his face."

"Oh, doesn't it, though," returned Brittle. "Cribs put him out the worst. He thought that was a crib, or he'd not have been so eager for it."

"What sort of a shell is it?" asked Harry Huntley. "Who drew it out?"

"It won't do at all," interposed Hurst. "The head of it is, 'Revered master,' and the tail, 'Yours affectionately.'"

A shout of laughter; Brittle's voice rose above the noise. "And the middle is an eloquent piece of composition, calculated to take the master's obdurate heart by storm, and move it to redress our wrongs."

"We have no wrongs to redress of that sort," cried Gerald Yorke.

"Being an interested party, you ought to keep your mouth shut," called out Hurst to Yorke.

"Keep yours shut first," retorted Yorke to Hurst. "Not being interested, there's no need to open yours at all."

"Let's see the thing," said Huntley.

Brittle drew from his pocket a sheet of a copy-book, tumbled, blotted, scribbled upon with the elegance that only a school-boy can display. Several heads had been laid together, and a sketch of the memorial drawn out between them. Scorn of what Hurst had figuratively called the head and tail, and which had been appended for nonsense, it was not a bad production. The boys clustered round Brittle, looking over his shoulder, as he read the composition aloud for the benefit of those who could not elbow space to see.

"It wouldn't be bad," said Huntley, critically, "if it were done into good grammar."

"Into what?" roared Brittle. "The grammar's as good as you can produce any day, Huntley. Come!"

"I'll correct it for you," said Huntley, coolly. "There are a dozen faults in it."

"The arrogance of those upper desk fellows!" ejaculated Brittle. "The steps aren't put in yet, and they have not the gumption to allow for them. You'll see what it is when it shall be written out properly, Huntley. It might be sent to the British Museum as a marvel of good English, there to be framed and glazed. I'll do it to-night."

"It is no business of yours, Mr. Brittle, that you should interfere to take an active part in it," resumed Gerald Yorke.

"No business of mine! That's good! When I am thinking of going in for a scholarship myself another time!"

"It's the business of the whole batch of us, if you come to that!" roared Bywater, trying to accomplish the difficult feat of standing on his head on the open mullioned window-frame, thereby running the danger of coming to grief down among the grave-stones and grass of the College burial yard. "If Pye does not get called to order now, he may lapse into the habit of passing over hard-working fellows with brains, to exalt some good-for-nothing cake with none, because he happens to have a Dutchman for his father. That *would* wash that would!"

"You, Bywater! you! do you mean that for me?" hotly demanded Gerald Yorke.

"As if I did!" laughed Bywater. "As if I meant it for any one in particular! Unless the cap happens to fit 'em. *I* don't say it does."

"The thing is this," struck in Hurst; "who will sign the paper? It's of no use for Brittle, or any other fellow, to be at the bother of writing it out, if nobody can be got to sign it."

"What do you mean? The school's ready to sign it."

"Are the seniors?"

With the seniors there was a hitch. Gaunt put himself practically out of the affair; Gerald Yorke would not sign it; and Channing could not. Huntley alone remained.

Why could not Channing sign it? Ah, there was the lever that was swaying and agitating the whole school this afternoon. Poor Tom Channing was not just now reposing upon rose leaves. What with his fiery temper and his fiery pride, Tom had enough to do to keep himself within bounds; for the school was resenting upon him the stigma that had fallen upon Arthur. Not the whole school, but quite sufficient of it. Not that they openly attacked Tom; he could have repaid that in kind; but they were sending him to Coventry. Some said they would not sign a petition to the master headed by Tom Channing—Tom, you remember, standing on the rolls next to Gaunt; they said that if Tom Channing were to succeed as senior of the school, the school would rise up in open rebellion. That this feeling against him was very much fostered by the Yorkes, there was no doubt. Gerald was actuated by a two-fold motive, one of which was, that it enhanced his own chance of the scholarship. The other arose from resentment against Arthur Channing, for having brought disgrace upon the office, where was his brother Roland. Tod fraternized in this matter with Gerald, albeit the same could not be said of him in general: no two brothers in the school agreed here as well than did the Yorkes. Both of them fully believed Arthur to be guilty.

"As good have the thing out now and settle it," exclaimed Griffin, who came next to Gerald Yorke, and would be the fourth senior when Gaunt should leave. "Are you fellows going to sign it or not?"

"To whom do you speak?" demanded Gaunt.

"Well, I speak to all," said Griffin, a good humored lad, but terribly mischievous, and, for some cause, best known to himself, warmly espousing the cause of Gerald Yorke. "Shall you sign it, Gaunt?"

"No. But I don't say that I disapprove of it, mind you," added Gaunt. "Were I going in for the scholarship, and one below me were suddenly hoisted above my head and made cock of the walk, I'd know the reason why. It is not talking that would satisfy me, or grumbling either; I'd act."

"Gaunt doesn't sign it," proceeded Griffin, telling off the names upon his fingers.—"That's one. Huntley, do you?"

"I don't come next to Gaunt," was Huntley's answer. "I'll speak in my right turn."

Tom Channing stood near to Huntley, his trencher stuck aside on his head, his honest face glowing. One arm was full of books, the other rested on his hip; his whole attitude bespoke self-possession, his looks, defiance. Griffin went on.

"Gerald Yorke, do you sign it?"

"I'd see it further first."

"That's two disposed of, Gaunt and Yorke," pursued Griffin. "Huntley, there's only you."

Huntley gave a petulant stamp.

"I have told you I will not speak out of my turn. Yes, I will speak, though, as we want the affair set at rest," he resumed, changing his mind abruptly. "If Channing signs it, I will. There, Channing, will you sign it?"

"Yes, I will," said Tom.

Then it was that the hubbub arose, the quarrelling converting the cloisters into an arena. One word led to another. Fiery blood bubbled up; harsh things were spoken. Gerald Yorke and his party reproached Tom Channing with being a disgrace to the school's charter, through his brother Arthur. Huntley and a few more warmly espoused Tom's cause, of whom saucy Bywater was one, who roared out cutting sarcasms from his gymnasium on the window-frame. Tom controlled himself better than might have been expected, but he and Gerald Yorke flung passionate retorts one to the other.

"It is not fair to cast into a fellow's teeth the short-comings of his relations," continued Bywater. "What with our uncles, and cousins, and mothers, and grandmothers, there's sure to be one among 'em that goes off the square. Look at that rich lot, next door to Lady Augusta's, with their carriages and servants, and soirees, and all the rest of their grandeur!—their uncle was hanged for sheep-stealing."

"I'd rather steal a sheep and be hanged for it, than I'd help myself to a nasty bit of paltry money, and then deny that I did it!" foamed Gerald. "The suspicion might have fallen on my brother, but that he happened, by good luck, to be away that afternoon. My opinion is, that Arthur Channing intended the suspicion to fall upon him."

A howl from Bywater. He had gone overheadforemost, to make acquaintance with the graves. They were too much engrossed to heed him.

"Your brother was a vast deal more likely to have helped himself to it, than Arthur Channing," raged Tom. "He does a hundred dirty things every day, that a Channing would rather cut off his arm than attempt."

The disputants' faces were nearly touching each other, and very fiery faces they were—that is, speaking figuratively. Tom's certainly was red enough, but Gerald's was white—white with passion. Some of the bigger boys stood close to prevent blows, which Gaunt was forbidding.

"I *know* he did it!" shrieked Gerald. "There!"

"You can't know it!" stamped Tom. "You don't know it!"

"I *do*. And for two pins I'd tell."

The boast was a vain boast, the heat of passion alone prompting it. Gerald Yorke was not scrupulously particular in calm moments; but little recked he what he said in violent ones. Tom repudiated it with scorn. But there was another upon whom the words fell with intense fear.

And that was Charley Channing. Misled by Gerald's positive and earnest tone, the boy really believed there must be some foundation for the assertion. A wild fear seized him, lest Gerald should proclaim some startling fact, conveying a conviction of Arthur's guilt to the minds of the school. The blood forsook his face, his lips trembled, and he

pushed his way through the throng till he touched Gerald.

"Don't say it, Gerald Yorke!" he imploringly whispered. "I have kept counsel for you."

"What?" said Gerald, wheeling round.

"I have kept your counsel about the surplice. Keep Arthur's in return, if you do know anything against him."

I wish you could have witnessed the change in Gerald Yorke's countenance! A streak of scarlet crossed its pallor, his eyes blazed forth defiance, and a tremor, as of fear, momentarily shook him. To the surprise of the boys, who had no notion what might have been the purport of Charley's whisper, he seized the boy by the arm, and fiercely dragged him away up the cloisters, turning the corner into the west quadrangle.

"Get down!" he hissed; "get down upon your knees, and swear that you'll never breathe a syllable of that calumny again! Do you hear me, boy?"

"No, I will not," said brave Charley.

Gerald drew in his lips.

"You have heard of a wild tiger, my boy? There was one escaped from a caravan the other day, and killed a few. I am worse than a wild tiger now, and you had better not provoke me. Swear it, or I'll kill you!"

"I will not swear," repeated the child. "I'll try and keep the word I gave you, not to betray who inked the surplice—I will indeed; but don't you say again, please, that Arthur is guilty."

To talk of killing somebody, and to set about doing it, are two things. Gerald Yorke's "killing" would have amounted to no more than a good thrashing. He held the victim at arm's length, his eyes dilating, his right hand raised, when a head was suddenly propelled close upon them from the graveyard. Gerald was so startled as to drop his hold of Charley.

It belonged to Stephen Bywater, who must have crept across the burial ground and chosen that spot to emerge in, attracted probably by the noise.

"What's the row?" asked he.

"I was about to give Miss Channing a taste of tan," replied Gerald, who appeared to suddenly cool down from his passion. "He'd have got it sweetly, had you not come up. I'll tan you too, Mr. Bywater, if you come thrusting yourself, like that, where you are not expected, and not wanted."

"Tan away," coolly responded Bywater; "I can tan again. What had the young one been up to?"

"Impudence," suddenly answered Yorke. "Mark you, Miss Channing! I have not done with you, though it is my pleasure to let you off for the present. Hallo! What's that?"

It was a tremendous sound of shrieking and yelling, as if some one amid the throng of boys was getting "tanned" there. Gerald and Charley flew off towards it, followed by Bywater, who propelled himself upwards through the mullioned frame in the best manner that he could. The sufferer proved to be Tod Yorke, who was writhing under the sharp correction of some tall fellow, six feet high. To the surprise of Gerald, he recognized his brother Roland.

You may remember, it was stated in the last chapter that Roland Yorke flew off, in wild indignation, from Lady Augusta's news of the parting of the Reverend Mr. Yorke and Constance Channing. Roland, in much inward commotion, was striding through the cloisters on his way to find that reverend divine, when he strode up to the throng of disputants, who were far too much preoccupied with their own concerns to observe him. The first distinct voice that struck upon Roland's ear above the general hubbub, was that of his brother Tod.

When Gerald had rushed away with Charley Channing, it had struck Tod that he could not do better than take up the dispute on his own score. He forced himself through the crowd to where Gerald had stood in front of Tom Channing, and began. For some little time the confusion was so great he could not be heard, but Tod persevered; his manner was overbearing, his voice a loud one.

"I say that Tom Channing might have the decency to take himself out of the school. When our friends put us into it, they didn't expect we should have to consort with thieves' brothers."

"You contemptible little minny! how dare you presume to cast aspersion at my brother!" scornfully uttered Tom. And the scorn was all he threw at him; for the seniors disdained, whatever the provocation, to attack personally those younger and less than themselves. Tod Yorke knew this.

"How dare I! Oh!" danced Tod. "I dare because I dare, and because it's true. When my brother Gerald says he knows it was Arthur Channing helped himself to the note, he does know it. Do you think," he added, improving upon Gerald's suggestion, "that my brother Roland could be in the same office, and not know that he helped himself to it? He—"

It was at this unlucky moment that Roland had come up. He heard the words, dashed the intervening boys right and left, caught hold of Mr. Tod by the collar of his jacket, and lifted him from the ground, as an angry lion might lift a contemptible little animal which had enraged him. Roland Yorke was not an inapt type of an angry lion then, with his panting breath, his blazing eye, and his working nostrils.

"Take that! and that! and that!" cried he, giving Tod a taste of his strength. "You speak against Arthur Channing!—take that! You false little hound!—and that! Let me catch you at it again, and I won't leave a whole bone in your body!"

Tod writhed; Tod howled; Tod shrieked; Tod roared for mercy. All in vain. Roland continued his "and thats!" and Gerald and the other two absentees came leaping up. Roland loosed him then, and turned his flashing eyes upon Gerald.

"Is it true that you said you knew Arthur Channing took the bank-note?"

"What if I did?" retorted Gerald.

"Then you told a lie! A lie as false as you are. If you don't eat your words, you are a disgrace to the name of Yorke. Boys, believe *me!*" flashed Roland, turning to the wondering throng—"Gaunt, *you* believe me—Arthur Channing never did take the note, I know it. I know it, I tell you! I don't care who it was who took it, but it was not Arthur Channing. If you listen again to his false assertions," pointing scornfully to Gerald, "you'll show yourselves to be sneaking curs."

Roland stopped for want of breath. Bold Bywater, who was sure to find his tongue before anybody else, elbowed his way to the inner circle, and flourished about there, in complete disregard of the sad state of dilapidation he was in behind; a large portion of a very necessary article of attire having been, in some unaccountable manner, torn away by his recent fall.

"That's right, Roland Yorke!" cried he. "I'd score the action of bringing up a fellow's relations against him. Whether Arthur Channing took the note, or not, what has that got to do with Tom?—or with us? They are saying, some of them, that Tom Channing shan't sign a petition to the master about the seniorship."

"What petition?" uttered Roland, who had not calmed down a whit.

"Why? about Pye giving it to Gerald Yorke, over the others' heads," returned Bywater. "You know. Gerald's crowing over it, like anything, but I say it's a shame. I heard him and Griffin say this morning, that there was only Huntley to get over, now Tom Channing was put out of it through the bother about Arthur."

"What's the dean about, that he does not give Pye a word of a sort?" asked Roland.

"The dean! If we could only get to tell the dean, it might be all right. But none of us dare."

"Thank you for your defence of Arthur," said Tom Channing to Roland Yorke, as the latter was striding away.

Roland looked back.

"I am ashamed for all the lot of you! you might know that Arthur Channing needs no defence. He should not be superseded in my school, Gaunt, if I were senior."

What with one thing and another, Roland's temper had not been so aroused for many a day. Gaunt ran after him, but Roland would not turn his head, or speak.

"Your brothers are excited against Tom Channing, and that makes them hard upon him, with regard to this accusation of Arthur," observed Gaunt. "Tom has gone on above a bit, about Gerald's getting the seniorship over him and Huntley. Tom Channing can go on at a splitting rate when he likes, and he has not spared his tongue. Gerald, being the party interested, does not like it. That's what they were having a row over, when you came up."

"Gerald has no more right to be put over Tom Channing's head than you have to be put over Pye's," said Roland, angrily.

"Of course he has not," replied Gaunt. "But things don't go by 'rights,' you know. This business of Arthur Channing's has been quite a windfall for Gerald; he makes it into an additional reason why Tom, at any rate, should not have the seniorship. And there only remains Huntley."

"He does, does he!" exclaimed Roland. "If the dean—"

Roland's voice, it had not been a soft one, died away. The dean himself appeared suddenly at the door of the chapter-house, which they were then passing. Roland raised his hat, and Gaunt touched his trencher. The dean accosted the latter, his tone and manner stern.

"What is the cause of this unusual noise, Gaunt? It has disturbed me at my reading. If the cloisters are to be turned into a bear-garden, I shall certainly order them closed to the boys."

"I shall go and stop it at once, sir," replied Gaunt, touching his trencher again, as he hastily retired. He had no idea the dean was in the chapter-house.

Roland, taking no time for consideration—he very rarely did take it, or any of the Yorkes—burst forth with the grievance to the dean. Not that Roland was one who cared much about justice or injustice, in the abstract; but he was feeling excessively wroth with Gerald, and in a humor to espouse Tom Channing's cause against the world.

"The college boys are in a state of semi-rebellion, Mr. Dean, and are not so quiet under it as they might be. They would like to bring their cause of complaint to you; but they don't dare."

"Indeed?" said the dean.

"The senior boy leaves the school at Michaelmas," went on Roland, scarcely giving the dean time to say the word. "The one who stands first to step into his place is Tom Channing; the next is Huntley; the last is Gerald Yorke. There is a belief afloat, that Mr. Pye means to pass over the two first, without reference to their merits or their rights, and to bestow it upon Gerald Yorke. The rumor is, that he has promised this to my mother, Lady Augusta. Ought this to be so, Mr. Dean?—although my asking it may seem to be opposed to Lady Augusta's wishes, and my brother's interests."

"Where have you heard this?" inquired the dean.

"Oh, the whole town is talking of it, sir. Of course, that does not prove its truth; but the college boys believe it. They think," said Roland, pointedly, "that the dean ought to ascertain its grounds of foundation, and to interfere. Tom Channing is bearing the brunt of this false accusation on his brother, which some of the cowards are casting to him. It would be too bad, were Pye to deprive him of the seniorship!"

"You deem the accusation on Arthur Channing to be a false one?" returned the dean.

"There never was a more false accusation brought in this world," replied Roland, relapsing into excitement. "I would answer for Arthur Channing with my own life. He is entirely innocent. Good afternoon, Mr. Dean. If I stop longer, I may say more than's polite; there's no telling. Things that I have heard this afternoon have put my temper up."

He strode away towards the west door, leaving the dean looking after him with a smile—albeit smiling was not very much in the line of Helstonleigh's dean. The dean had been on terms of friendship with Dr. Yorke, and was intimate with his family. Roland's words were a somewhat singular corroboration of Arthur Channing's private defence to the dean but an hour before.

Meanwhile, Gaunt had gone up to scatter the noisy crew.

"A nice row you have got me into with your quarrelling," he exclaimed. "The dean has been in the chapter-house all the while, and isn't he in a passion! He threatens to shut up the cloisters."

The announcement brought stillness, chagrin.

"What a bothering old duff he is, that dean!" uttered Bywater. "He is always turning up when he's not wanted."

"Take your books, and disperse in silence," was the command of the senior boy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

THE ARMY BILL.—The Army bill, which passed the House recently appropriates $421,000,000 for the year ending June, 1863. Besides this, $208,000,000 has been voted during the present session, for the current army expenses and deficiencies for the present fiscal year.

Two lawyers in Lowell, returning from court the other day, one said to the other: "I've a notion to join the Rev. Mr. ——'s church; been debating the matter for some time. What do you think of it?" "Wouldn't do it." "Well, why?" "Because, it would do you no possible good, while it would be a very great injury to the church."

THE FRENCH COURTS UPON ANIMAL MAGNETIZERS.—The French courts had decided that animal magnetizers, who undertake to cure disease, are swindlers. Each consultation is regarded as a separate offence. A female somnambulist, for 39 consultations with eleven patients, has been condemned to pay a fine of 572 francs, and go to prison for eight months; and a male somnambulist for 26 consultations with seven patients, to a fine of 286 francs, and imprisonment. The two together also pay 100 francs to the prosecutors, who are doctors, and all the expenses, which will amount to more than 500 francs.

CHILDREN CHOKED TO DEATH.—A little girl aged four years, daughter of Mr. Edward Dougherty, New York, while playing with some small pebbles on Sunday, swallowed one of them, which, lodging in the windpipe, produced suffocation and death. Mary Viola Jacobs, about three years old, daughter of Washington Jacobs, of Boston, was choked to death while eating candy on Thursday. She was sucking a candy ball, which slipped into her throat. Charlotte L. Crosby, four years old, a child of Jos. Crosby, of Orland, Maine, died at the Hospital there, caused by swallowing a tamarind stone which lodged in her throat.

HOLLINS' RAM MANASSAS.—It is plated with railroad iron of a small pattern and cheap quality. It had a sharp proboscis, partly under water, and over this opened a trap-door. The lid of the door looked as if it might be propped up strongly and used as a bridge for boarding the enemy after he had received a blow of the iron snout. The whole machine was, perhaps, one hundred and twenty feet long, and thirty feet in the beam. As she floated slowly down the Mississippi, on fire, two boats from our vessels boarded her and attempted, in vain, to move the hot and sinking mass to the bank. While they were so employed the machine fired a gun from her iron nose. The shell burst harmless over the marsh.

THE GRAVE OF ABRAHAM.—A correspondent, who met the Prince of Wales while travelling in the East, says:—"The Prince was at Hebron while we were there. He and his suite obtained permission to visit the Cave of Machpelah, Abraham's burial place. They are the first Christians who have been allowed to enter it since the crusades, nearly 700 years ago. Dr. Stanley says everything is kept in the most beautiful order, and nothing could be more satisfactory than the state in which the tombs are preserved. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah are buried there."

MR. HENRY D. THOREAU, one of the best writers and scholars of New England, died recently of consumption at his residence in Concord, Mass.

LAST fall, but a short time before he resigned the Generalship-in-Chief, Gen. Scott told a member of Congress from the West that the backbone of the rebellion would be broken this May. "Can't it be done before, general?" "No, sir; no, sir; backbone of the rebellion broken in May, sir; broken in May, sir. Can't be done before, sir."

MR. STEVENS stated in the House recently, that by an official return from the War Department, our entire volunteer force in the field is 691,627 men.

A GENTLEMAN, living in Augusta, Georgia, who left there on the 5th, says the property owners of that state have advertised a circular relative to the destruction of their goods, saying that none had been destroyed as yet, and that nobody favors such a destruction but reckless persons who are without property themselves, and whose designs will be thwarted by the owners of cotton, &c.

THE Texan army in New Mexico has retreated down the Rio Grande, abandoned 25 wagons, buried some guns, crossed the Puerco river, divided into small parties and fled to the mountains, leaving the sick and all who could not travel fast. So ends the invasion of New Mexico.

FROM Halleck's army we have news that two rebel regiments, from Kentucky and Tennessee, in Beauregard's army attempted to desert and come over to our forces, but being held in check a mutiny ensued. Aid being sent from our side, sixty prisoners were taken, who say that there is plenty of subsistence in Corinth, but that the border states rebels want to desert and join the Union cause.

THE MERRIMAC.—The morning the Merrimac was blown up, it was decided that one of three things must be soon done—either to run the blockade, go up the James river, or blow up. To go out was decided too hazardous to undertake; to go up the James river was an impossibility, though every effort was made to lighten her to the requisite draft of water; so blow up was the only alternative, and consequently was her fate. By some it is deemed a virtual surrender of Richmond, in case our boats made their way there.—Flag-Officer Goldsborough is expecting intelligence every hour from the fleet up the river. The character of it will determine future movements.

GEN. MITCHELL has extemporized a gunboat for service on the upper Tennessee river. An expedition under Gen. Negley, sent by Mitchell from Pulaski, has entered Rogersville and driven the enemy across the Tennessee river.

COL. CORCORAN is to be exchanged for Col. W. F. Baldwin, of Virginia.

UNION SENTIMENT IN MEMPHIS.

A dispatch from the South says that "at Memphis there was much boldness manifested in the expression of Union sentiment, in view of the occupancy of the town by Northern forces. Mr. J—— handed me a copy of a call for a meeting in Memphis, as follows:—

"Stars and Stripes, attention!

"At the appointed hour let every loyalist be found at the Hall of Independence.

"Our deliverance is at hand.

"Let us prepare to welcome it.

"By order of the President."

This was posted throughout the city. Another read as follows:

"Watchmen, know your beats! Sentinels, stand ready for duty!

"Guard well the entrance to Loyalty Hall to-night, and let no traitorous hands surprise the assembly of the lovers of freedom and constitutional government. Let every loyalist be promptly in attendance at this meeting, as business of great importance (in anticipation of the arrival of our friends) will be transacted.

"By order of the Executive Committee."

Others of a similar nature were conspicuously posted.

BUTLER AT NEW ORLEANS.—Gen. Butler says, in his official report:

The rebels have abandoned all their defensive works in and around New Orleans, including Forts Pike and Wood, on Lake Pontchartrain, and Fort Livingston, from Barrataria Bay. They have retired in the direction of Corinth, beyond Manchac Pass, and abandoned everything up the river as far as Donaldsonville, some seventy miles beyond New Orleans.

I propose to so far depart from the letter of my instructions as to endeavor to persuade the flag officer to pass up the river as far as the mouth of the Red river, if possible, so as to cut off their supplies, and make there a landing and demonstration in their rear, as a diversion in favor of General Buell, if a decisive battle is not fought before such movement is possible.

Mobile is ours whenever we choose, and we can better wait.

I find the city under the dominion of the mob. They have insulted our flag, torn it down with indignity. This outrage will be punished in such a manner as, in my judgment, will caution both the perpetrators and abettors of the act. So they shall fear the *stripes*, if they do not reverence the *stars* of our banner.

I send a marked copy of a New Orleans paper containing an applauding account of the outrage.

SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES.—The following resolution passed the House of Representatives by 85 yeas to 50 nays:—

Be it enacted, &c., that slavery or involuntary servitude in all cases whatever other than in the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall henceforth cease, and be prohibited forever in all the Territories of the United States now existing, or hereafter to be formed or acquired in any way.

BEAUREGARD'S CIPHER.—The key to Beauregard's cipher dispatch, published by us a week or two ago, is as follows:—Each *italic* letter standing for the roman letter printed above it, and a figure signifying that a letter is repeated:—

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j
n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w
k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t
u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d
a	v	w	x	y	z				
k	m	c	f	e	2				

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been dull and unsettled during the week. About 10,000 bbls have been disposed of, in lots, mostly Western, at $5@5,12½ for superfine; $4,75 for uninspected lots, $5,12½@5,50 for extras; the latter for choice brands; $5,37½@5,75 for extra family, and $6@6,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality, including some fine middlings at $4,50. The sales to the trade have been to a limited extent within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and $6,75@7 ₱ bbl for high grade fancies. Rye Flour is scarce, with further small receipts and sales at $3,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is unchanged, and 1800 bbls Brandywine sold on terms kept private. Penna is held at $3,62½@3,65 ₱ bbl, without sales.

GRAIN.—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, and prices are fully 5c ₱ bus lower, with sales of about 55,000 bus, chiefly Penna Reds, afloat, at 130@125c, including some Southern do at 132@130c, and White at 130@140c, as in quality, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is also lower, with sales of 6000 bus Penna at 72@70c. Corn has declined, and some 45,000 bus found buyers, mostly at 58c for prime Southern and Penna Yellow, afloat, including inferior and damaged lots, which are very unsaleable, at 40@50c, as to condition. Oats continue dull and drooping, about 20,000 bus having been disposed of at 36@37c for Southern, and 37@38c for Penna, the latter for 32 lbs. Barley and Malt remain quiet, and prices about the same.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the Hog product generally is firm, with rather more doing in the way of sales, and some 1200 bbls mess Pork have been taken at $12½@13 ₱ bbl. Beef ranges at $12@13 ₱ bbl for western and city mess, with small sales. Bacon moves off as wanted at 6@8c for plain and fancy hams; 6@7c for sides, and 5@5½c for shoulders, the latter packed for export; about 200 casks sold on private terms. Green Meats are rather better, pickled Hams selling to some extent at 6@6½c; salt do 5½@5¾c; sides 5½@5½c, and shoulders at 4¾@4½c, cash and short time. Lard is held firmly, with further sales of prime western, in tes and bbls, at 8½@8¼c, and country at 7¾@7½c. Butter is unchanged. We quote packed at 8@9c, and roll at 12@15c, as in quality. Cheese is firm at 7½@8¼c ₱ lb. Eggs are worth 10c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—Holders are firm in their views, and prices are unsettled and tending upward; the demand, however, is limited, manufacturers buying in a small way only within the range of 29@30c, chiefly at about 28@29c for middlings, cash.

ASHES are firm, with small sales of Pots and Pearls.

BARK.—The receipts are light, with further small sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron at $33,50 ₱ ton, at which rate it is scarce and wanted. Tanners' Bark is taken on arrival at $12@13 for Chestnut, and $15@16 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is selling in a small way at 25c ₱ lb. The offerings are light.

COAL.—The market is more active, and prices are tending upward, with a fair business doing to go East. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $4,—. Prepared do $2,65@3; Red Ash do $4,10@4,15; Lehigh Lump do $3,25@3,50; Prepared do $3,50; by retail do $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $4,25.

COFFEE is firmer, with rather more doing this week in the way of sales, and some 3000 bags, mostly Rio, have been disposed of at 18½@21c, cash and time, chiefly at 20c, usual credit, including 1000 bags Laguayra in lots at 20@21c, and Jamaica at a price kept private. The market closes 1/2c better.

COPPER continues dull and unsettled, and we have only to note some further sales of Yellow Metal at 12c, on time, which is a decline.

FEATHERS continue scarce, good Western selling at 38@40c ₱ lb, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT.—No sales are limited and prices about the same as last quoted.

HAY is firmer, and selling at 80@85c the 100 lbs.

HEMP remains inactive, and without any change to note, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS continue dull, and the sales limited at 15@18c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The market for this staple is inactive, with a few small sales of Anthracite in lots, in all about 1500 tons, to note, at $23 for No 1 and $21 for No 2 on time. In manufactured there is rather less activity, but there is no alteration in prices.

LEAD is firmer, and sales of 2500 pigs Galena are reported on terms kept private.

LUMBER.—The market is more active and prices unchanged, with fair sales of Hemlock raft lumber at $6@7; White Pine Boards $15@16, and Yellow Sap do $12@14. Laths are quoted at $1,25@1,30 and Pickets at $6@6,50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES.—The market is firm and good quality scarce and in demand at fully former rates. Sales of about 800 hhds are reported at 22@24c for clayed Cuba, 27@31c for Muscovado, and 37@40c for Porto Rico, on time.

PLASTER is not much inquired for, and sort is quoted at $3,50@3,75 ₱ ton.

RICE.—There is a moderate inquiry for East India at 6@6½c, with sales of 500 bags at the former rate. Carolina is scarce, and held at 7@7¼c ₱ lb.

SALT.—The opening of the southern ports has imparted more animation to the market, and prices generally are better.

SEEDS.—Prime Cloverseed is scarce and wanted at $4,50 ₱ bus, to hold over, but there is little or none offering. Timothy ranges at $1,50@1,75, and Flaxseed at $2 ₱ bus, and but little offering or selling. Red Top is steady at $2½ ₱ sack.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin continue very dull, but the demand is limited and prices tending upward. N E Rum is steady at 30@37c. Whiskey is dull, bbls selling as wanted at 24@25c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and drudge at 22½@23½c.

SUGARS are more active, and prices rather better, with sales of about 2500 hhds, mostly Cuba, to note, at 6¾@7¼c, and Porto Rico at 8@8¼c. Some box Sugar also sold, in lots, at 8¼@9¼c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is firm, with free sales of Country at 8@8¼c. City is wanted at 8¾c, but holders generally ask 8¾@9c ₱ lb, and we hear of nothing doing.

TOBACCO continues dull and unsettled, with a reduced stock of both Leaf and Manufactured to operate in.

WOOL.—There is very little movement in the market, and prices are unsettled and drooping. Buyers generally are holding off for the new clip, which will be coming in shortly, and only a few small lots of fleece and pulled have been taken at irregular rates.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1403 head. Prices varying from 7 to 9¼c ₱ lb. 75 Cows were sold at from $15 to 45 ₱ head. 8360 head of Sheep were disposed of at $4,50 gross. 1250 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 5,75 for corn fed.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On 4th-day, 7th instant, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's father, GEORGE W. BANCOCK, of West Philadelphia, to LIZZIE, daughter of Jesse James, of Bensalem, Pa.

At Holmesburg, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. T. J. Thomas, Mr. JAMES THOMAS, to Miss MARIA STOKELY, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Hon. Alex. Henry, Mayor of the city of Philada., Dr. FERDINAND RATTENMANN, to Miss ANNA GRILL, daughter of the late Chas. L. Grill.

On the 8th of April by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. RICHARD HUTCHISON, to Miss FRANCES STERLING.

In Lancaster, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. Walter Powell, W. A. SMETHURST, of this city, to EMELINE, daughter of the late Dr. John Millar, of Lancaster.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Dr. O'Hara, JAMES GUY, to MARY ANNE T. DRISCOLL, both of this city.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, CLARENCE SCRACE, to Miss MARY MCFARLAN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, ANNA V., wife of John A. Mercer, and daughter of the late Richard Van Arsdalen, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, aged 27 years.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM R. CADWALADER, in his 88th year.

On the 10th instant, HANNAH MARIA, wife of David Cole, Jr. in her 33d year.

On the 12th instant, JOHN A. CRISWELL, in his 48th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. RACHEL, widow of the late Amos Jones, aged 76 years.

On the 13th instant, Mr. THOMAS LITTLE, in his 46th year.

On the 12th instant, at his residence, Gwynedd Township, Montgomery county, CHARLES CASTNER, in his 64th year.

On the 11th instant, Mr. SAMUEL CURRY, in his 44th year.

On the 13th instant, MARY ANN, daughter of the late Jos. Huncker.

On the 10th instant, Mr. JOHN J. MERCER, in his 34th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 17, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 to 50 dis.
Canada	par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 prem
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	5 to 10 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to 2 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 37 dis.
Kentucky	2 to 20 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 1 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	4 to 40 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 10 dis.
Mississippi	—		

THE SAFEST AND BEST!

Preparation that can be used upon the Hair for imparting to it a *natural* shade of brown or black, is

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.

It corrects the bad effects of other dyes, nourishes the Hair, is easily applied, performs its work *instantaneously*, and its presence, to the observer, remains an

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NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y. ap19-4t

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LA HIGUENAS, at $5 ₱ 100.
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Wit and Humor.

A MINISTERIAL PARTY.

A correspondent in Michigan sends us a merry account of a sleigh-ride which turned out more unfavorably to the parties than they anticipated. He writes:—

When the sleighing was in fine condition, a party of four gentlemen, rather jovially disposed, determined on visiting a kindred spirit who lives some fifteen miles out in the country, on one of the plank roads diverging from the city. A fast team and a fancy sleigh were procured, and the party, with all the necessaries for such a trip, started, singing "Dixie," and chiming in the chorus to the jingling of the sleigh-bells. One of the party had found a pass over the road they were going for "Rev. Mr. Taylor and team when on *ministerial* business." This pass they determined to offer at the toll-gates on the way, and thus obviate the inconvenience of making change. *Such* a party in representing themselves as clergymen on "ministerial business" was considered a joke big enough to run the risk of undertaking.

Accordingly linen handkerchiefs were improvised for white cravats, and as the party approached the first toll-gate, they assumed very solemn visages, and warmly discussed he Emancipation question. This threw the gate-keeper off his guard, and with a very polite "All right, gentlemen!" the gate was opened, and on they went. The next gate was reached in due time, after three or four stoppages for the purpose of *warming up*, when the Emancipation question was dropped, and the subject of foreign and domestic missions substituted. Here they were again successful, and on they went to the next warming place, where they found some half-dozen individuals standing around the fire, all of whom were invited to take "suthin," and all of whom complied with the invitation with one exception. This person, who started off with a horse and cutter, happened to be the attendant of the next toll-gate. The party did not recognize him at first, and the pass was handed to him with all possible solemnity.

"Rev. Mr. Taylor and team on ministerial business," said the gate-keeper, scrutinizing the gentlemen with the keenest glances.—"Can't come that on me," and he returned the pass; "*there ain't no religion in the party, I'd be bound.* You'll have to pay toll clear from town before you can get through my gate; strikes me that I met you at the tavern just below a few minutes ago," he continued, as the toll was paid him. This was a damper the party had not calculated on, and which completely spoiled their joke. As they were passing through the gate-way, the wife of the toll-man was heard to say, "I don't believe there's one of that party *ever seed the inside of a meeting house!*"—*Harper's Monthly.*

COULDN'T DO IT.

In Schoharie county there lives a man whose addiction to swearing is such that his name has become a by-word and a reproach; but by some infernal thermometer, he so graduates his oaths as to make them apply to the peculiar case in hand; the graver the mishap or cause for anger, the stronger and more frequent the adjurations. His business is that of a gatherer of ashes, which he collects in small quantities and transports in an ox-cart. Upon a recent occasion, having, by dint of great labor, succeeded in filling the vehicle, he started for the ashery, which stands on the brow of a steep hill; and it was not until he reached the door that he noticed, winding its tortuous course down the long declivity, a line of white ashes, while something short of a peck was in the cart. "The dwellers by the wayside, and they that tarry there," had assembled in great force, expecting an unusual anathematical display. Turning, however, to the crowd, the unfortunate man heaved a sigh, and simply remarked:

"Neighbors, it's no use; I can't do justice to the subject."

I'll Keep 'Em Awake.—Near Newark, N. J., lived a very pious family, who had taken an orphan to raise, who, by the way, was rather underwitted. He had imbibed very strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it wrong for the old farmers to come to church and fall asleep, paying no better regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly, before going to church the next Sunday, he filled his pockets with apples. One bald-headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding and giving nasal evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he hauled off and took the astounded sleeper, with an apple, square on the top of his bald pate.—The minister and aroused congregation at once turned around and indignantly gazed at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple to his hand, with a sober, honest expression of countenance:—"You preach, I'll keep 'em awake."

Wouldn't Bite Such Bait.—Our friend Jones has been doing homage to a pair of bright eyes, and talking tender things by moonlight lately. A few evenings since, Jones resolved to "make his destiny secure." Accordingly he fell on his knees before the fair dulcines, and made his passion known. She refused him out flat. Jumping to his feet, he informed her in choice terms, that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Judge of the exasperation of our worthy swain when she coolly replied,—"Yes, but they don't bite at toads!" Jones has learned a lesson.

☞ In a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister—"I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone." She replied—"No, not the brimstone; only the spark."

GEN. HOUSTON'S PRESCRIPTION TO A "BORE."

Among the guests at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in New York, once of a time, was Gen. Sam Houston, of Texas. Gen. Houston is, as all his acquaintances well know, fond of mirth and fun, and, in short, is what Doesticks would call a P. B.—perfect brick. The General, however, entertains an intense hatred for that species of human beings called "bores." One of these gentry, a good-natured but soft headed chap, a regular button-holder, cornered him one day at his hotel. He had managed to be introduced to him the day previous.

"General," said the bore, after he had bothered Mr. Houston out of all patience, "I wish you would do me one more favor. A man of your eminence is so competent—"

"Well, what is it?" demanded Mr. Houston, rather curtly.

"Well, you see, Mr. Houston, you are such an eminent man, such a—"

"Never mind that; what do you want to know?"

"Excuse me, but a person of your abilities and distinction must be aware—"

"I am somewhat in haste," interrupted the badgered Senator, "pray come to the point at once."

"Well, then, tell me the secret of your success in life—how you rose in position as you have done."

"Ah! but that wouldn't benefit you any. I can tell you how you can rise in the world if you wish."

"That's just it," was the reply; "just what I was trying to get at."

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. *Undertake to approach a sore-headed bull with a red scarf around your neck.* I'll guarantee your upward progress immediately on the completion of the experiment."

The button-holder collapsed, shoved his hat on his head and walked sorrowfully away, while a cluster of gentlemen near by, who had heard the conversation, fairly screamed with laughter.

THE AGE OF OUR EARTH.

We extract the following from Agassiz's article on "Methods of Study in Natural History," in the May number of the Atlantic Monthly:—

Among the astounding discoveries of modern science is that of the immense periods which have passed in the gradual formation of our earth. So vast were the cycles of time preceding even the appearance of man on the surface of our globe, that our own period seems as yesterday when compared with the epochs that have gone before it. Had we only the evidence of the deposits of rock heaped above each other in regular strata by the slow accumulation of materials, they alone would convince us of the long and slow maturing of God's work on the earth, but when we add to these the successive populations of whose life this world has been the theatre, and whose remains are hidden in the rocks into which the mud, or sand, or soil of whatever kind on which they lived has hardened in the course of time—or the enormous chains of mountains whose upheaval divided these periods of quiet accumulation by great convulsions—or the changes of a different nature in the configuration of our globe, as the sinking of lands beneath the ocean, or the gradual rising of continents and islands above it—or the wearing of great river beds, or the filling of extensive water basis, till marshes first and then dry land succeeded to inland seas—or the slow growth of coral reefs, those wonderful sea-walls raised by the little ocean-architects whose own bodies furnish both the building stones and the cement that binds them together, and who have worked so busily during the long centuries, that there are extensive countries, mountain chains, islands, and long lines of coast consisting solely of their remains—or the countless forests that must have grown up, flourished, died and decayed, to fill the storehouses of coal that feed the fires of the human race to-day—if we consider all these records of the past, the intellect fails to grasp a chronology for which our experience furnishes no data, and the time that lies behind us seems as much an eternity to our conception as the future that stretches indefinitely before us.

TESTS OF CHARACTER.

A great many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take for instance, the mother, who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back before she has had time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has had time to eat it? And this not for one, but every morning, perhaps, through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it, and see. Oh! how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things. Ah! it is these little things which are tests of character; it is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, the humblest home is made beautiful, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant and the hand that kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!

☞ The Shiekh Abdullah once sent to his neighbor, Hassan Alla'd Deen, to borrow a rope. "He cannot have it," replied Hassan. "I have taken the rope to tie up a measure of sand." "What! tie up sand with a rope?" replied Abdullah. "Oh, friend," retorted Hassan, "it is easy to find a reason for using a rope, when one does not wish to lend it."

"NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED."

Love, banished from the kitchen, finds an audience at the coal hole.

Agricultural.

COWS VERSUS HORSES.

At a ploughing match held on the estate of the Right Hon. Earl Ducie, Crummel Park, we noticed, says *Bell's Messenger*, a team of cows, engaged in ploughing at one end of the field; and as they appeared to exact a tolerable amount of attention, we thought it worth while to make a note or two on the spot. The animals were polled cows in full milk, and belonged to Mr. John Evans, of Woodford, Gloucestershire, who is, we believe, a small enterprising farmer. Two of the cows were rather old; the hindmost one, the owner assured us, had been worked regularly during the last seven years, has had a calf every year, and one season was worked up to the day previous to calving. The middle cow was a three year old, and this was her second season, the owner putting his cows to the plough at two years old. Our readers must bear in mind that these cows were in full milk, being milked twice every day; on very hot days it was found necessary to milk them three times.

Mr. Evans assured us that the cows gave more and richer milk when they were regularly worked, and that the goods were larger in amount, as well as better in quality; to use his own words, when there was a less quantity of goods made, his wife would tell him that he had not worked the cows so much, which was invariably the fact. Our readers will, of course, imagine that the cows were, and ought to be, well fed; hay, oil-cake, bran and chaff, we are told, was the food given them during their working time. We give no opinion as to the policy of working dairy cows as above, leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions. We must say it was rather slow work, although the ploughing was pretty well done, and there seemed no lack of strength or will on the part of the cows.

CRINOLINE FLOWER POTS.

The above is known in England by the fanciful name of the "Crinoline Pot." Various kinds of green-house mosses, etc., are used for lining the pots or wire baskets and holding the soil. Among these named are: the procumbent Selaginellas, several Adiantums, Aspidiums, and Asplenums, *Camptosorus rhizophyllus, Davallia dissecta, pentaphylla, and Fadyenia prolifera.* The plants that succeed best in these pots are heaths, ferns, all peat loving plants, and doubtless many others. Plants may be so placed as to protrude from any or all sides and even from the bottom, and, with the moss which clothes the soil, present a mass of beautiful verdure, at times rendered still more attractive by bloom.

Italian Bees.—At a late "Bee Convention" held at Cleveland, Ohio, Dr. J. P. Kirtland summed up what he deemed to be the advantages of Italian over other bees, as follows: "The Italian bee is:—1. Stronger, more active, and resists lake winds and chills better than the common bee. 2. It works more hours every day. 3. It collects more stores. 4. It works upon some flowers which the black bee cannot operate upon. 5. It breeds more freely. 6. It is more irritable and its sting more painful. 7. It is more beautiful.

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.

"How is it that you raise such large and nice onions?" I asked of an Iowa farmer, as I was sitting at table with him, and observing some on the table.

"Well," said he, "we sprout the seed with boiling water, and then plant it early and in good ground."

"Sprout the seed in boiling water?" I exclaimed, inquiringly. "What do you mean, sir, by that? Won't boiling water kill the seed?"

"Not at all," he replied; "but it will sprout them, in one minute's time."

"It will? It looks incredible," I replied, with surprise.

"Well, you try it," he replied, "when the time comes to plant, and you'll find it just as I tell you."

And, sure enough, when spring came, and my neighbor was planting his onion seed, being present, I said:

"Jewell, last winter, there was a man in Iowa told me that to pour boiling water on black onion seed would sprout it in one minute. Suppose you try it?"

"Very well," said he. And taking the teakettle from the stove, he poured the boiling water on the seed, which he had in a saucer. Looking closely at it for a moment, he exclaimed, "You have told rightly. Only look there."

I looked, and behold, the little sprouts about as large as horse hairs were shooting out of the opened ends of the seeds! He did not retain the water on the seed above three seconds, and in less than one-half minute after it was poured off, the sprouts were projecting from the seeds.

My Iowa friend assured me that this process would advance the growth of the onion two or three weeks beyond the ordinary method of planting without sprouting.

WASHING AND SHEARING SHEEP.

A year ago we invited attention to the question, whether the washing of sheep is expedient. Since then, there has been considerable discussion on the subject, and we are inclined to think that so long as the rules which now generally govern purchasers prevail, the practice of washing will be less followed than it has heretofore been. An argument in favor of shearing without washing, is, that the sheep may thus be shorn much earlier in the season. This is considered an advantage to the sheep, besides securing a greater amount of wool.

It is seldom that water becomes warm enough to wash sheep before the last of May or first of June in this climate, though there are days when the temperature is so high that the animals, under a heavy weight of fleece, are uncomfortable. Besides, it is frequently the case that sheep lose considerable of their wool by the first of June, especially when they are in pastures which have briers and other shrubs in them. How often do we see sheep in the month of May, from the necks and bellies of which much of the wool is gone. This would have been saved by early shearing. True, it may be necessary to shelter the sheep after they are shorn; but even if shearing is deferred till June, and the sheep are washed, they should be sheltered afterwards, if cold storms occur.

A writer in the Ohio Farmer states that he has had several years' experience in shearing sheep, both early and late, and has found that they thrive better and yield annually more wool when shorn early than when shorn late. —*Boston Cultivator.*

THE BEST GATE.

In the *Farmer* of February 15th, an article on fencing of barn-yards, etc., says:—"The best gate is made of *scantling* and boards;" to which I say as the Irishman did of his friend's dinner, which was meat and potatoes; "that it was just his, barrin' the meat." So this gate is just mine, barrin' the scantling. Formerly I used scantling, two by three, and two by four inches, for the frame of my gates; but one time, now some twelve years since, I had no scantling, and therefore built my gate, which was ten feet long, frame with stripe of board, one by four inches for the latch end, and one by eight inches for the hinge end of the gate; brace, one by six inches. My lower board, one by eight inches; next above, one by six inches; next two, each one by four inches; the whole secured by wrought nails clinched, and hung with strap hinges. This gate is now, and has been all the time from its construction, in daily use, and has never sagged an inch. From that time to the present, I have always built my gates without scantling, and have found them equally as good barriers as those built with scantling, while they are lighter, cost less, and do not sag. Any one can build such a gate and hang it—the posts being set—in two hours.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

A Pleasant Fertilizer for Garden Plants.—Many persons, particularly ladies, dislike to use the ordinary fertilizers from the barn or poultry yard, on flowers and other house-plants. "One who knows" sends the following, which is good not only to stimulate house-plants, but for out-door plants of almost every kind. Dissolve ½ to ¾ ounce of sulphate of ammonia (obtained cheaply at the druggists) in one gallon of water. Apply it only once a week, and then only to growing plants. It may be used with great benefit on beds of strawberries, on peas, on dwarf pears, grape vines, dahlias, and for all kinds of pot-plants. This mixture increases the size of the foliage of plants, and gives a dark, shining green color. The flowers also are improved in proportion. And, not least important, this fertilizer will do no harm.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

The English Crops.—The signs, at the latest dates, indicate a good crop for the next harvest in England, such a one, in breadth as well as in luxuriance, as will probably form a strong contrast to the uncommonly deficient yields of the last two years. Accounts from about 400 places state that the fields generally look very well, appearing equal to any ever seen there in March. This, with the breadth of ground sown, indicates a satisfactory harvest. But it must be borne in mind that, good as the harvests may be, England has now annually about forty millions of bushels of wheat, to supply the deficiency between the usual harvest and the common requirements in that country—her manufacturing and commercial population, as shown in statistics for many years, requiring that much more than her usual harvest supply.

Useful Receipts.

Peeling Potatoes.—All the starch in potatoes is found very near the surface; the heart contains but little nutriment. Ignorance of this fact may form a plausible excuse for those who cut off thick parings, but none to those who know better. Circulate the injunction, "Pare thin the potato skin."

Stopping Leaks in Roofs.—A correspondent recommends the following:—Take four pounds of resin, one pint linseed oil, and one ounce red lead, simmer together, and apply while hot. We have no doubt it is an excellent recipe, and the cement may be applied to other purposes.

Care of Carpets.—When carpets are taken up, be careful in removing the tacks, so that the edges of the carpet are not torn, then roll up the carpets with the upper part inside, and carry them away to be beaten. As soon as the carpets are removed, throw a few old tea leaves, not too wet, over the floor, sweep the room out, and afterwards wash the boards with a wet flannel, but be careful not to throw too much water about, as it is liable to injure the ceiling of the rooms below. While the floor is drying, beat the carpets, by hanging them over a stout line and beating them, first on one side and then on the other, with a long, smooth stick. After the carpet is beaten, it may be dragged over a lawn or else brushed on both sides with a carpet-broom. If faded or greasy in many parts, an ox-gall mixed with a pailful of cold water, or a little grated raw potato and cold water, mixed together and sponged over the places, and then wiped dry with soft cloths, will make them look clean and bright.

If there are any appearances of moths in carpets, when they are taken up, sprinkle tobacco or black pepper on the floor before the carpets are put down, and let it remain after they are laid down.

Straw matting, laid under carpets, makes them last much longer than straw; as it is smooth and even, and the dust sifts through it. Slips of paper should always be placed over the edges of the stairs under the carpet. This will diminish the friction between the carpet and the boards underneath. The strips should be in length within an inch or two of the width of the carpet, and four or five inches in breadth, as convenient. This simple expedient will preserve the carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips.

Lady Weld's Pudding.—Select a very shallow small pie-dish, line it with a good pie-paste, fill with some delicate preserve, strawberry or apricot preferred, cover with the paste as if for baking, and boil till quite done; it will not take quite so long as a fruit pudding, as the dish is so shallow. It is in fact a boiled tart, but is singularly delicious, and for a century was only seen at the table of the Welds, of Sulworth Castle.

Stone Cream.—This can be made to perfection in the following simple manner:—Put a thick layer of greengage, apricot, or any other jam at the bottom of a glass dish, boil an ounce of isinglass in a pint of cream, or milk, if for home use, sweeten to your own taste, pour it over the jam, and when cold it will be quite solid, and a deliciously sweet dish.

CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Trifle.—Put slices of sponge-cake in the bottom of a glass dish: on this put thin slices of citron, or apples preserved. Pour over this a boiled custard, and on the top put a whip, made as last week's receipt.

Tapioca Pudding.—Take 1 teacupful tapioca to 3 pints water: let it stand 3 hours: slice apples enough to fill a bakingpan, and pour over it the tapioca: bake 1 hour, and eat with a sauce.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 15, 29, 40, 25, 43, 38, 18, 13, was a general sent to conclude peace with the Indians.

My 3, 23, 2, 32, 8, 44, is a battle in which fell a celebrated warrior.

My 1, 21, 38, 9, 18, 33, 42, 31, 30, 14, 7, 35, 5, 5, was a bill passed by the British Parliament.

My 4, 22, 25, 5, 39, 35, 18, 19, was a general who spread terror at his approach.

My 41, 33, 31, 40, 12, was a British Major hung as a spy.

My 34, 11, 2, 33, 37, was a commissioner sent to France.

My 28, 8, 40, 27, 37, 30, was a general who fell in battle much lamented.

My 10, 16, 17, 1, was the general to whom the loss of Fort William Henry was attributed.

My 36, 18, 10, 6, was a valuable officer lost in battle.

My whole was a terrific naval engagement.

SAMUEL LAIRD.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 71 letters.

My 1, 6, 8, 11, 40, 66, 71, is a town in Mississippi.

My 3, 2, 22, 7, is a cape in South America.

My 11, 63, 31, 28, 62, 29, 43, 60, 17, 6, 40, 13, 31, is a sea in Asia.

My 12, 43, 59, 26, 24, 40, is a sea in Europe.

My 15, 26, 42, 51, 52, is a county in Iowa.

My 17, 16, 13, 4, 18, is one of the United States.

My 19, 57, 39, 69, 47, 58, 32, 49, 36, 59, 18, 42, 64, is one of the United States.

My 23, 32, 58, is a river in Russia.

My 30, 20, 18, 41, is one of the United States.

My 34, 31, 37, 61, 35, 65, 33, 9, 14, is a county of Louisiana.

My 24, 55, 15, 60, is a town on one of the Japan islands.

My 52, 5, 43, 14, 19, 9, 27, is a river in Ireland.

My 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 68, 58, is a county in Maryland.

My 36, 23, 21, 27, 10, 38, is a country in Europe.

My 63, 42, 33, 70, 44, is a county in North Carolina.

My 67, 34, 69, 28, 50, 35, 6, 4, 67, 45, is a river in Arkansas.

My whole is the names of four Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Newport, R. I. AQUIDNECK.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In every clime and zone I've been,
Throughout the world around,
On every isle and continent
My first is easy found.

My second oft in music halls
In grandeur does appear.
Sometimes it's seen at concerts balls,
But sometimes is not there.

The school boy as he walks about,
Oft with my whole is seen.
I think you now can find it out,
Or else I think you're green.

J. SIMMONS.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first a baby does when you pinch it,
My second a lady says when she does not mean it,
My third exists and no one e'er has seen it,
My whole contains the world's best half within it.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A country in Europe.
A country in Africa.
A cape on the coast of Spain.
A power of Europe.
A Kingdom of Europe.
A division of Chinese Tartary.
A country of Asia.

The initials form a state, the finals one of its cities. WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a solid ball ¼ mile in diameter be placed upon a horizontal plane. A man who is 6 feet in height stations himself on the top of the ball to view the surrounding country.

Query.—How many square miles of land are concealed from the man's vision by the sphere?

Yours, &c., WM. ASKEY.

Rock Grove, Ills., March 29th, 1862.

☞ An answer is requested.

DIOPHANTINE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—three cube numbers whose sum is a cube? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between October and November? With October the leaves fall; with November the fall leaves.

☞ What is that which makes everybody sick but those who swallow it? Flattery.

☞ Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine? Because it has a Cork in it.

☞ What living creature has a beard without a chin? An oyster.

☞ Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C? Because she forms lasses into classes.

☞ Why is a well-trained horse like a benevolent man? He stops at the sound of "wo."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Daniel Webster. ENIGMA—General Winfield Scott. RIDDLE.—Ramrod. PROBLEM.—50.7718 rods; 79.4424 rods; 88.1916 rods.

☞ Col. Chas. Whittlesey, of Cleveland, was an acting brigadier at the battle of Shiloh. He writes:—"The great feature of the battle was the want of generalship in our command. To allow a force of ninety thousand men to surprise our camp, and be within one hundred yards of us, before their advance was known, is a blunder too glaring to pass unnoticed." Gen. Grant writes that he was not surprised at Shiloh.

☞ Not that which men do worthily, but that which they do successfully, is what history makes haste to record.